

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 38 – Number 8

December 2020

Some of the Highlights Inside

The Canoe Maker - Harold & Chrissy
Buffalo Maritime Center Grand Opening
The Finger Lakes Boating Museum
Living With Saltwater in My Veins - Downeast Modelers
Marvelous Mystery Part 5 - Steamboat Era in Florida
Daysailers, Pocket Cruisers, Sailboats - Inland Sea Nutshell Pram



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's the first of November as I write this and our on the water season is pretty well over around here since a recent 4" of snowfall was followed by 23° temperatures, suggesting that winter awaits. My 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami kayak sits in the shed down back of the barn on the trailer it now lives on year round. I no longer truck top it as I do not wish to burden my still untroubled old shoulders with lifting it way up there. An unanticipated benefit of going to a trailer (I built it out of a former small lawn tractor trailer) has been this convenience of easy loading directly from the water to storage.

Typically at paddling season's end for me I set aside my small boating activity to focus on getting ready for winter around here, storm windows on the house, closing up the summer patio into a winter storage shed, putting away the outdoor furniture and other stuff, cleaning up the yard, an acre or so usually covered by now with the leaves that blow across the street and land here from my neighbor's maple and (later) oak trees. The goal is to have it all ready for winter by Thanksgiving. Then it's a month or so of the "holiday season" culminating in Christmas and New Years.

It isn't until the New Year arrives that I can again turn my attention to my small boat activities. The Tsunami, being plastic, needs no attention, maybe a washup come spring. The main focus again this winter is on the 1929 Old Town lake rowboat I started to recondition (not a restoration, I'm not up to that) last winter and reported on progress in several issues. That all came to a halt about the end of March, coincidental to the arrival of the dreaded covid 19 panic. The panic did not stop my progress, it was the usual spring-time back outdoors demands that took over.

As I explained a year ago, the Old Town is a bit of a nostalgia trip, we had one in the late 1980s which Jane and I rowed a number of times and loved the experience. I wasn't looking for one when it came to my attention for \$100 but it did grab me and the lure of a winter in the shop fixing it up (it was in pretty good shape other than the canvas) appealed. It still does, only now it's winter #2.

This past summer another quite beamy fiberglass canoe came my way (courtesy of a reader), one I could quickly outfit with rowing thwarts and oarlock outriggers to maybe

get in some late season rowing on a local lake as a tuneup for me for taking on the Old Town. I got it rigged for rowing but never got onto the water with it, always something else to do that had priority. Anyway, it is now ready for 2021.

Well, this all sounds like pretty ordinary seasonal cycling through the small craft experience. Almost, what was missing were the gatherings, large and small, of the faithful that didn't happen, thanks to the "social distancing" policy adopted as a stopgap measure to fend off the onslaught of the dreaded corona virus. It pretty much shut us out of indulging in our normal everyday human desire to get together for shared experiences.

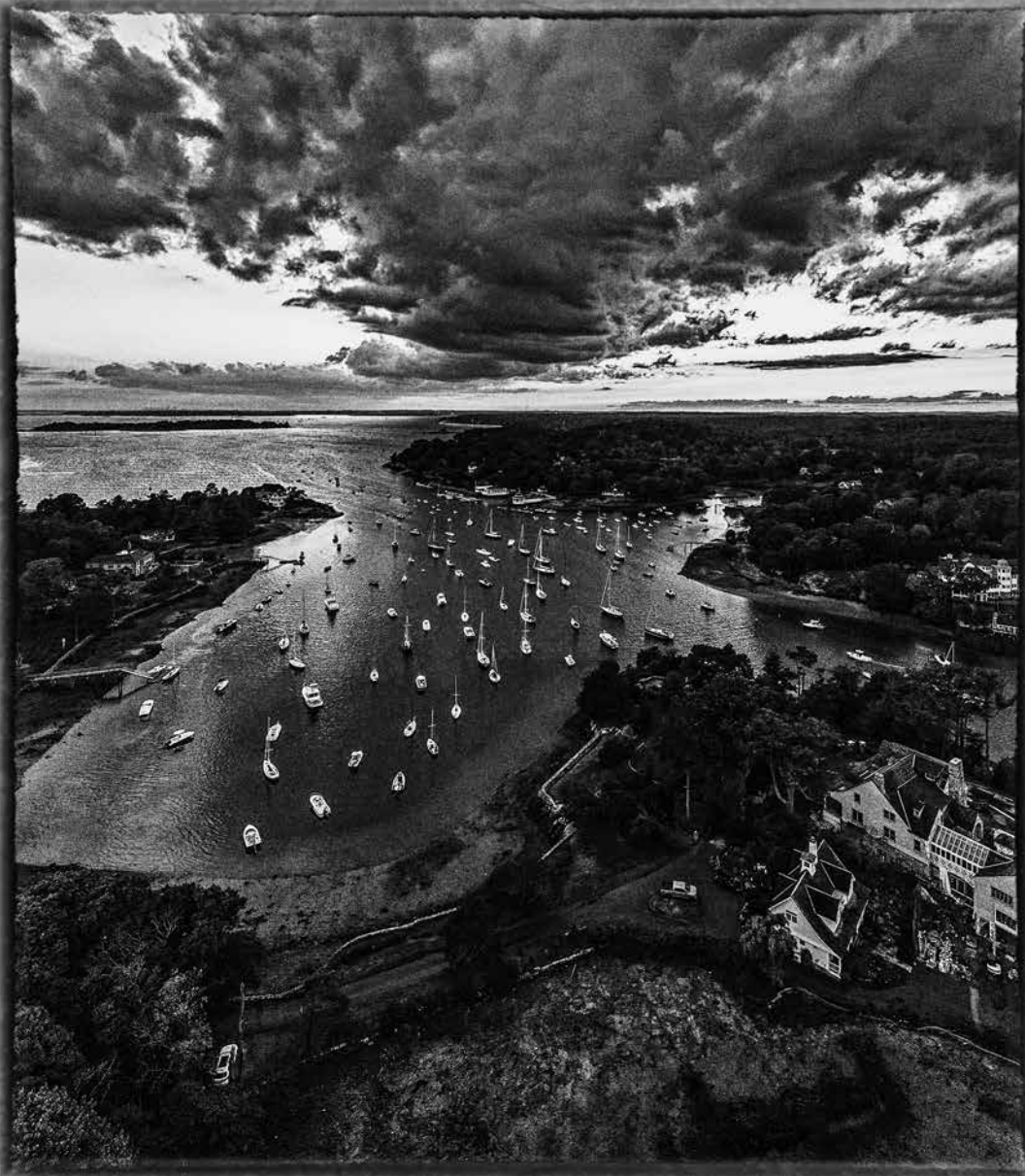
The panic is still on a roll as I write this, rendering future planning iffy, as does the impending election in a couple of days from now which is bound to shake things up even more, regardless of which way it goes. The ill effects of the economic lockdown and the "social distancing" policies being pursued in lieu of any meaningful medical success in dealing with the virus is reaching way down to our tiny small business like it has to so many others, rendering its financial underpinnings increasingly iffy also. Given increasing concern for dealing with our economic survival, how can I get enthused about working on an old canoe?

Well, we will carry on as usual until the year's end when perhaps we will be able to see which way things are going into 2021 and we can decide how to proceed in the new year. *MAIB* has been our livelihood since 1983, peaking in the late 1990s and gradually falling off since as the internet increasingly offered so much more and in living color and at no cost to those interested in small boating. The sudden arrival of the covid panic last spring abruptly accelerated the decline in readership as the \$40 subscription money apparently became more valuable for necessities for some. Can't blame them.

If the decline we are now experiencing, brought on by the current economic catastrophe, renders the monthly shortfalls permanent, it will be time for action, dunno yet just what. For now we carry on as usual until we can see how the winds of change are blowing. Bear with us, we will not just disappear leaving you with unfulfilled subscriptions.

On the Cover...

On page 8 a brief report on an oar and sail outing held by members of the John Gardner Chapter TSCA includes our cover photo of one of the group demonstrating the ideal way of practicing "social distancing" while enjoying small boating. Nice going, guys!



Harkening Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens"

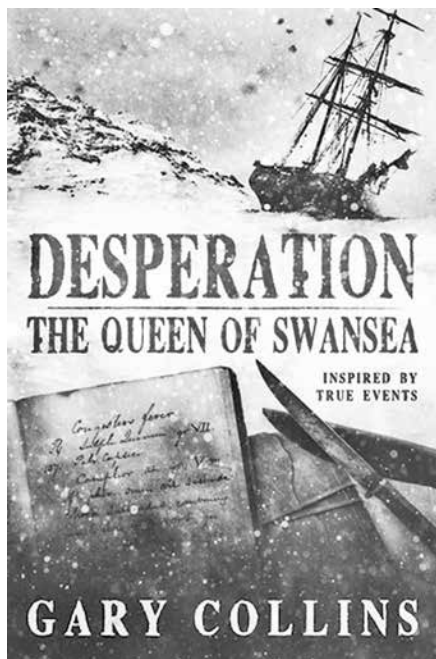
Images by Harvey Petersiel

Harbor of Refuge

Desperation: The Queen of Swansea

By Gary Collins
Flanker Press Ltd
St John's, Newfoundland and Labrador
Canada: 2016

Reviewed by John Nystrom



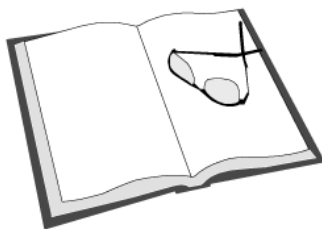
Shipwreck stories always get a listen. Disaster at sea goes all the way back to our earliest literature in every culture. Don't know why, but they do. Whether reportage of actual events, pure fiction or the one that seems to keep the attention of audiences age after age, the fictionalized account based on true events, we can't get enough of them. *Desperation: The Queen of Swansea* falls into the latter category with the inscription "Inspired by True Events."

I've reviewed several books by Flanker Press, a regional publisher in Newfoundland and Labrador, but never a work of fiction before. If this book by Gary Collins is any indicator, I need to read more of Flanker's fiction offerings. Collins has written over a dozen books, to critical acclaim, so rather than summarize I'm just cribbing his biography:

Gary Collins was born in Hare Bay, Bonavista North. He spent 40 years in the logging and saw milling business with his father Theophilus and son Clint. Gary was once Newfoundland's youngest fisheries guardian. He managed log drives down spring rivers for years, spent seven seasons driving tractor trailers over ice roads and the Beaufort Sea of Canada's Western Arctic and has been involved in the crab, lobster and cod commercial fisheries. In 2016 he joined the Canadian Rangers.

Gary's writing career began when he was asked to write eulogies for deceased friends and family. Now a critically acclaimed author, he has written 12 books, including the children's illustrated book *What Colour is the Ocean?* which he cowrote with his granddaughter Maggie Rose Parsons. That book won an Atlantic Book Award, The Lillian Shepherd Memorial Award for Excellence in Illustration. His book *Mattie Mitchell: New-*

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Book Reviews

foundland's *Greatest Frontiersman* has been adapted for film.

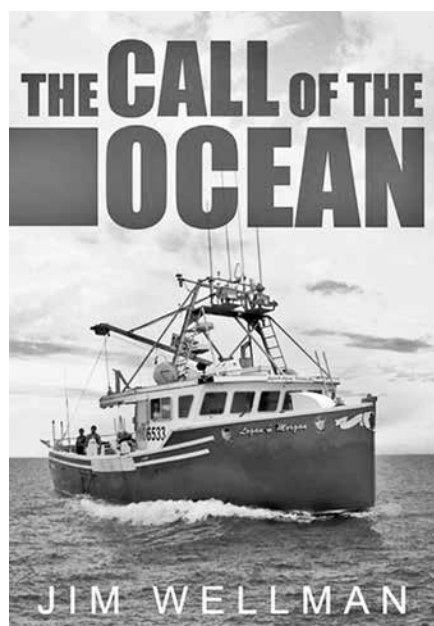
Gary Collins is Newfoundland and Labrador's favourite storyteller and today he is known all over the province as the "Story Man." His favourite pastimes are reading, writing and playing guitar at his log cabin. He lives in Hare Bay, Newfoundland, with his wife, the former Rose Gill. They have three children and three grandchildren.

Desperation has everything needed in a sea story, harrowing storms, a lee shore, well developed and believable characters, death and destruction, survival on a desolate and unescapable island, cannibalism, it even has a near ghost town, the mining port of Tilt Cove which is now officially Canada's smallest town, population five, the only thing missing is pirates. I'm not going to spoil the story, which is an actual event from 1867, well researched by the author including a trip to inaccessible Gull Island off the Newfoundland coast. Read for yourself. Frankly, someone in Hollywood is screwing up by not buying rights to this story. <https://flankerpress.com/product/desperation>

The Call of the Ocean

By Jim Wellman
Flanker Press Ltd
St John's, Newfoundland, Canada: 2016

Reviewed by John Nystrom



Last year I reviewed Jim Wellman's *Challengers of the Sea*, a collection of essays by the long time journalist and broadcaster of

all things related to Canadian maritime pursuits and the fishing industry. Wellman is a Newfoundland native and has a native's feel for the people he has lived among most his life. *Challengers of the Sea* is one in a series of Flanker Press books that tell the stories of mariners, fishermen, activists, Coast Guard members, families and others who work and live in that environment.

The Call of the Ocean is an earlier book in the series and, by my judgment, even more interesting than *Challengers* with a bit less tragedy, though tragedy is unavoidable with pursuits either within the fishing industry or involving water, whether blue waters, littoral or inland. I particularly enjoyed the selection of boat builder stories and the tale of a woman who left higher paying work to become a trawl rigger, the person who builds fishing nets and trawls.

From my review of last year, reference Jim Wellman's writing, "The style and ethic of the author is something that you don't often see any more in contemporary journalism, just clear and straightforward story telling of the best sort. Chapters are short, focus is on one event or on one person's story so this isn't a cover to cover read in one sitting, you'll want to spread this one out. This is a good way to see the best and the worse the Canadian North Atlantic can bring."

Flanker

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Flanker Press, Canadian Jewel

By John Nystrom

One of the interesting things about Canada is the fostering of unique Canadian cultural institutions which serve both as an outlet for local talent and as a way of preserving identity in the face of their huge neighbor to the south. Some of those institutions are public agencies and some are private companies. Flanker Press Ltd is in the latter category, a small publisher with only eight employees. In some ways their job is even larger, as just as Canada is dwarfed by the size and wealth of the US, Newfoundland and Labrador are economically, demographically and culturally dwarfed by the rest of Canada.

They did not even join the Canada until 1949. Newfoundland and Labrador form a unique province bounded by Quebec to the west, the North Atlantic and Gulf of St Lawrence east and south and touches the Arctic. The inhabitants, just over a half million, maintain a sense of identity within Canada that strikes me as even stronger than that of Texans in the US.

Flanker's description of its mission on its website affirms, "Flanker Press is a bright spark in the Newfoundland and Labrador publishing scene. As the province's most active publisher of trade books, the company now averages 20 new titles per year with a heavy emphasis on regional non fiction and historical fiction. The mission of Flanker Press is to provide a quality publishing service to the local and regional writing community and to actively promote its authors and their books in Canada and abroad."

I don't have a firm number on how many Flanker books I've reviewed, but it has to be on the order of a half dozen. They include folklorist and teacher Hilda Chaulk Murray's *Of Boats on the Collar*, at least a couple of Jim Wellman's collections of interviews of interesting and colorful local folks and historical novelist Gary Collins' (known in NL as the 'Story Man') *Desperation: The Queen of Swansea*. All have forced the adding of Newfoundland and Labrador and Canada's Maritime Provinces to the Bucket List.

Flanker Press' website, <https://www.flankerpress.com/>, is attractive but has some deficiencies. Not all the offerings are listed in easy to discover locations. For example, I had to use the search feature to find the page for *Of Boats on the Collar* so would have missed that it is still in print. I'd also like to see a category tab for all their nautical themed books in one place. Still, better to have great books and a website that needs tweaking than have a perfect website and a mediocre selection of books. Flanker Press is one of the best regional publishers I have ever seen. Buy books, it keeps worthwhile folks like this in business.

Flanker Press Ltd
PO Box 2522 Station C
St Johns, NL A1C6K1, Canada
www.flankerpress.com

Not Your Father's Coast Guard

The Untold Story of U.S. Coast Guard Special Forces

<https://www.amazon.com/Not-Your-Fathers-Coast-Guard/dp/1449044409>

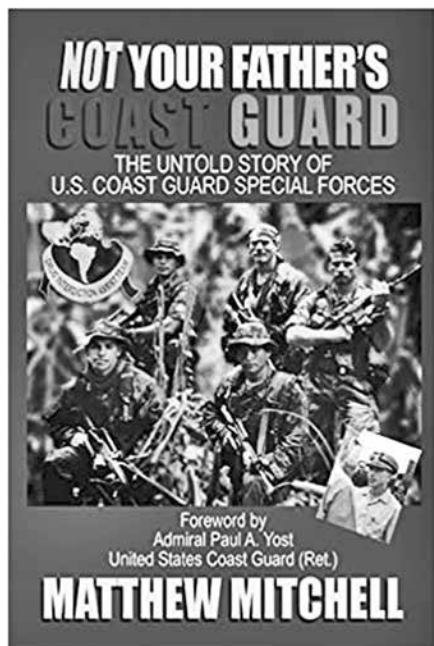
By Matthew Mitchell

Foreword by Paul A. Yost Jr

Admiral, USCG (Retired)

Author House, Bloomington, IN, 2010

Reviewed by John Nystrom



The United States Coast Guard is a bit of an odd duck. One of eight American uniformed services and one of six military services, unlike the other military organizations

the Coast Guard has jobs to do quite outside the realm of war or preparing for war. The USCG has, in fact, 11 different Congressionally mandated missions. The name, Coast Guard, comes from the 1915 merger of several formerly independent federal agencies, along with some additions over the years. The Coast Guard is also a bit of a bastard child in the federal bureaucracy, having been shuffled from Treasury to Department of Transportation to now Department of Homeland Security and that doesn't even count having agencies rolled into it over the years from Labor and Commerce departments and of being moved to the Department of Navy or Defense in time of war. Given that strange pedigree I don't know if it should be surprising or unsurprising that the Coast Guard at one time had their own special operations organization.

This state of affairs came about as a result of the Coast Guard having a law enforcement function and international training involvement as opposed to a strictly military function. American law prevents, for historical reasons, the US military from direct involvement in law enforcement. During the so called War on Drugs policy makers came to the conclusion that interdicting illegal drugs at the source would be more effective than exclusively enforcing prohibition stateside.

When the Drug Enforcement Agency sent agents into the jungles of South America, they soon discovered that transportation in those environs involved small boats on extensive river systems. The DEA and South American partners were ill equipped or trained to operate, much less train, Bolivian naval and police personnel in what was an undeclared shooting war. Naval assets were legally restricted in what aid they could provide, so the task eventually fell to the Coast Guard.

First efforts were rather ad hoc in nature, with no clear organization and certainly no permanent collection of information or history. So how did this story not get lost down the rabbit hole of memory? Enter the author, Mathew Mitchell, a serving Coast Guard officer who was later to work with follow on training and special operations teams that were institutionally legitimized in the bureaucracy. Mitchell apparently heard things from those who had served previously and took it upon himself to actually call, write and otherwise talk to the actual participants, track down what documentation existed and piece together the history and stories of an organization that was little recognized or acknowledged, even within the Coast Guard itself.

Interviewees ranged from a number of participants in the missions to Admiral Paul Yost, Jr, Commandant of the Coast Guard at the time the first missions were organized at his direction. Besides the challenges of training and operating a small boat force on an inhospitable jungle river system, the author does not shy away from the organizational, administrative and bureaucratic issues that came up. In any organization as diverse in mission and personnel as the Coast Guard, any time a new task comes to be assigned, there is going to be friction, even resistance.

The demise of Coast Guard special operations, at least this iteration of it, is also covered. With an organization with such a wide scope, and with such budget restraints as the USCG, it was inevitable that later commandants would emphasize different priorities. Those conflicts give this history an authenticity and usefulness that is often missing in studies of military or law enforcement operations. To do otherwise is just triumphalism or propaganda.

It's a no brainer that this book is included on USCG professional reading lists, but it has also garnered positive reviews within the wider military special operations community and even the US Military Academy at West Point. You don't have to be a snake eater or fan of military or law enforcement history to enjoy *Not Your Father's Coast Guard* as there are some great boat stories as well as leadership, public administration and policy making lessons as well.

A Special Old Town

By David Sanderson

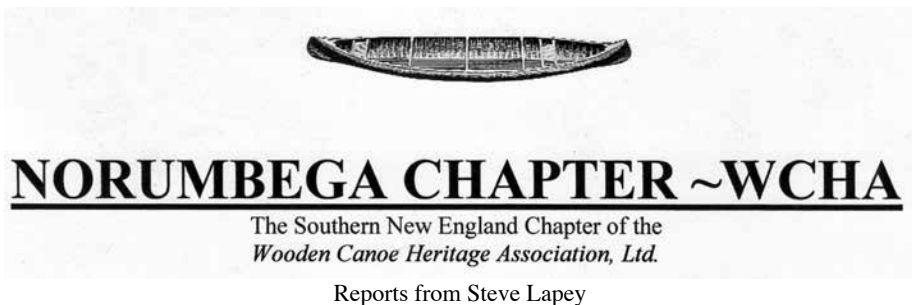
I attach a photo that may amuse. This is a fully restored 17' Old Town purchased in 1927 by Don Dickerman for his place at Kezar Lake in Lovell, Maine. Dickerman was one of the great characters on Kezar through the 1920s to 1940s, flamboyant, trained as an artist, ended up running supper clubs in Manhattan in the 1920s. His favorite was the Pirate's Den, being obsessed by pirates.

He dearly loved Kezar, spent time there all his life. Started Rudy Vallee as a national figure, got Vallee to build his own establishment on Kezar in the 1930s. The Lovell Historical Society has a Dickerman collection, including early photos of this canoe from the 1930s. There's a good bio of him online, worth reading.

We came by the canoe as a gift from my father's uncle John Halford, a prosperous textile executive from Philadelphia with a substantial summer place on Kezar. Don't know how he acquired it, possibly when Dickerman sold out stuff from his Kezar place. We used it some, then it lay idle for too long, needing restoration. When I finally got around to checking with Old Town for the building record, I was astonished to see that it went back to Dickerman.

I dithered for years about donating it to Lovell Historical Society, which is where it really belongs. Lacking other financial support, I finally gave up and paid for the restoration myself, a superb job by Dan Eaton at the Small Boat Shop in Denmark, Maine, and then donated it to Lovell Historical Society, which had a boat or two already. \$4,000 well spent, I think.

Most features of the boat were Old Town options that could be checked off on the building record, including the mahogany decking and the bronze centerboard. The rudder seems to have been operated originally via the rope along gunnels setup, the tiller is not Old Town as far as we know, seems to have been added later. One of my more satisfying gestures, I think.



Reports from Steve Lapey

About Our 2018 Project

I thought I would forward this news about what happened to the 2018 WCHA Propector canoe that many of our Norumbega Chapter volunteers worked on for the auction in Peterborough in 2018. Bob Bundy was the winning bidder, he never put it in the water. This year he sold it to Tim Bankerd from Maine who took it on a trip in the Boundry Waters Canoe Area in Minnesota. From this message he appears to be happy with the canoe.

"The BWCA went well and the Prospector worked out great, easy to portage, depth and width right on as well. Bit more rocker and somewhat more round bottom than traditional Peterborough, but I adjusted quickly. I found the seats very comfortable. Wood slat seats were OEM from Peterborough.

The BWCA was loaded with people which took quite a bit of getting used to. Funny, mostly older people like us, few young people. The campsites were in surprisingly good shape for the amount of traffic. Low water and no bugs. Lots of young bears. Saw dozens of deer, four moose and bald eagles every day.

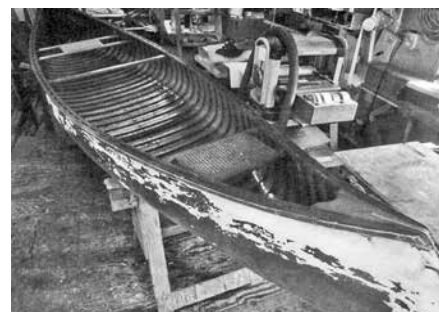
Met some interesting people and saw many types of watercraft and different paddling and portaging techniques. I was the only one using cedar canvas and traditional gear. Felt kinda out of place with all plastic.

Waterfowl started the move south. Shorter days and cooler temps took over quickly out west. Nice here in northern Maine though. Tim."



About Our 2022 Project

The Norumbega Chapter has been gifted a 1969 Old Town 15' Light Weight model to be used as a fundraising project. Here it is as it arrived at the canoe shop.



The interior is very clean with little damage, the canvas is falling off. Other than that, it is almost perfect.

In 1969 William Borowski returned home from a tour in VietNam and received a \$300 veteran's bonus from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The first thing he did was buy a brand new Old Town canoe, then he married Marilyn Benedetto from Marlborough, Massachusetts. For almost 30 years he carefully used the canoe. Unfortunately it spent a little too much time in outdoor storage as you can see from the canvas.

In 2001 William was diagnosed with cancer related to his time in VietNam and shortly before he passed the canoe was hung from the rafters in the neighbor's barn where it sat until this October. Marilyn contacted us for advice on how to part with the canoe. She has settled on making a generous donation to our Chapter with the understanding that we do the restoration and put it up for auction with the proceeds to benefit the WCHA, as we have done before. This time the donation is to be made in memory of William Borowski.

With the Covid-19 situation continuing it is impossible to predict when we will be able to start work on this project. It will need to be stored in a safe place until such time that we can safely gather in a confined space.



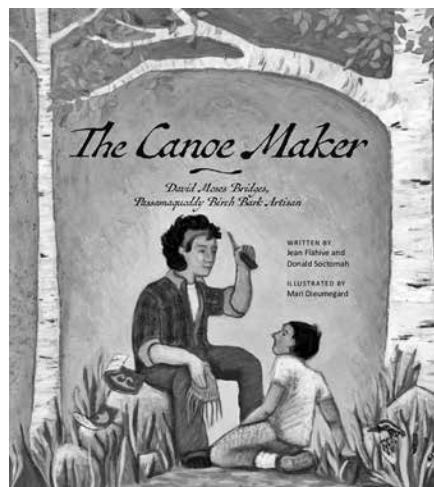
"I've known the canoe since it was still on the tree," David Moses Bridges said of his life's work. David Moses Bridges, who passed away in 2017 at the age of 54, was Maine's most celebrated builder of traditional Passamaquoddy birchbark canoes. His tribe referred to David as a "cultural bearer" because he sought to revive, reinvent and share his mastery and insight into traditional Passamaquoddy arts at a very pivotal time for the tribe. David once said his work was not his alone, that it belonged to the next generation. "Whether I am working as an artist or an environmental advocate, the most important lesson I can teach is that this work is a continuation of the ancestors' work. We are still here because of their knowledge and skills."

With a profound reverence for the old ways and protecting the forest, David used sustainable practices when gathering indigenous materials for his canoes and faithfully followed the building process designed by his ancestors. "The ancestors figured it out a long time ago. When I build canoes, I change nothing." The hull forms were specific to their intended uses, sturdy enough to navigate the rough ocean and sleek enough to cut into rivers and lakes. Gathering indigenous forest materials needed to build a canoe, birch bark, spruce roots, cedar and spruce gum was, for David, a spiritual quest. He used to say that every time he walked through the forests looking for the right birch tree he felt he was walking the same steps as his ancestors. He learned to scale a birch tree and to harvest the bark without damaging the tree.

As a young man, David attended Unity College and earned a degree in Forestry. In the middle of his life, after having lived for

The Canoe Maker

By Jean Flahive and Donald Soctomah
Illustrated by Mari Dieumegard



years in San Francisco, David returned home to Maine, to his family, his tribe and to the land he loved. He attended The Boat School in Eastport, Maine, worked there summers and went on to work at Benjamin River Marine and Brooklin Boat Yard where he met and worked with Steve Cayard, a respected canoe builder. It was here that David developed his craft and the work that would become his life.

After years of apprenticing with Cayard, David began building full size birchbark canoes. He shared his craft in native commu-

nities, museums, schools and institutions. He also allowed time to restore historic canoes in many museum collections, including the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington DC and the Peabody Museum at Harvard University.

Highly regarded in his field, David received national attention for his work and won numerous awards, including the 2004 *Maine Boats and Harbors* Boat of the Year Award. The Maine Arts Commission gave him the name Traditional Arts Fellow, the highest honor in craft. He worked with various museums and cultural institutions, including the Smithsonian Institution and the Abbe Museum in Bar Harbor, Maine, as a researcher, consultant and educator.

David was foremost a teacher. He often said that passing traditional ancestral skills on to others was his real work. With those words, Donald Soctomah, Passamaquoddy Tribal Historic Preservation Officer, and I wanted to help ensure that David Moses Bridges' legacy lives on to help ensure traditions that have existed for thousands of years continue. In our children's book, *The Canoe Maker, David Moses Bridges, Passamaquoddy Birch Bark Artisan*, we tell the story of David taking his young son Tobias on his first gatherings in the forest and how together they built a birchbark canoe. David weaves Native American storytelling into the ancient art and spirituality of canoe making, including the heart rending mythological legend of the first canoe maker, a partridge.

The Canoe Maker was a 2020 Maine Literary Award finalist and is available for purchase through Maine Authors Publishing at maineauthorspublishing.com and on Amazon.



Reviews

Young Tobias is on a quest with his father, David Moses Bridges, the tribe's master canoe maker. Together they go deep into the Maine woods to find the perfect birch and to gather spruce roots, cedar, and spruce gum to build a canoe in the "old ways." In this magical tale, David weaves Native American storytelling into the ancient art and spirituality of canoe making, including the heart-rending mythological legend of the partridge, the first canoe maker.

The Canoe Maker warms the heart and immerses us in nature. You can hear David Moses's voice in the words and you can feel the love of a father and son. This book is a wonderful testament to a Passamaquoddy culture keeper and a beautiful record of canoe making and its importance. Gather your little loved ones to hear a story of love, adventure and the importance of memory.

(Cinnamon Catlin-Legutko, President/CEO, Abbe Museum)

This is a beautiful story that captures the essence of a wonderful man. David Moses was a dear friend, and I miss him greatly. He had a deep feeling for the cultural roots of the ancestral Wabanaki arts. David had a gift for sharing that feeling and, in this way, he touched the lives of many.

(Steve Cayard, birchbark canoe builder)

About The Authors

Jean Flahive has written three children's books. She is the author of *The Old Mainer and the Sea* and the coauthor of both *Remember Me: Tomah Joseph's Gift to Franklin Roosevelt*, which won a 2009 Moonbeam Gold Award, and *The Galloping Horses of Willowbrook*, which was a finalist in the

2012 Maine Literary Awards. She is also the author of two young adult historical novels, *Billy Boy: The Sunday Soldier of the 17th Maine* and *Railroad to the Moon: Elijah's Story*. Jean and her husband live on the coast of Maine.

Donald Soctomah is the Passamaquoddy Tribal Historic Preservation Officer and has been on a quest to follow his great-grandfather's footsteps by storytelling and carrying on the traditions of the tribe. He has authored several tribal history books covering the years 1800 to 1950 and two children's books, *Remember Me*, with Jean Flahive, and *Tihtiayas and Jean*, with Natalie Gagnon, which won the iParenting Media Award in Canada. In 2015 Donald was presented with the Lifetime Cultural Achievement Award in Washington, DC, and the Constance Carlson Public Humanities Award in Maine.

This is a story about Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts, and his Friendship sloop *Chrissy*. It is about their trip to Rockland, Maine, to participate in the Friendship Sloop Society regatta.

Built around 1912 by Charles Morse, either in Friendship or Thomaston, *Chrissy* originally had a small trunk cabin, separated from a large open cockpit by a fish well. Rebuilt later for pleasure use with a bigger cabin, she was renamed for Christine Wiegleb, wife of her long time owner Ernie, who died in 1991 at the age of 90.

Harold bought her two years later in Cushing, Maine, and launched her in Friendship. *Chrissy* was tired and went to the bottom beside the pier. When the tide went out Harold emptied her and while he manned the pump, his father Charlie towed them on the long trip home to Essex with his Friendship *Resolute*.

Back in Essex, Harold hauled her out at the family boatyard and began the restoration process. Harold and his wife Kim have a new child, Alden (they have Puritan roots as well as boatbuilding roots), run a daysailing business, "Salt Marsh Charters" in the Harold-built Friendship *Kim*, and he is starting up his own boatshop so he can spend more time ashore with his family (he is a second mate in the merchant marine).

This would be a fairly full schedule for most people but, despite the time constraints, a year later *Chrissy* sailed into Boothbay, Maine for the 1994 Friendship Sloop regatta. Her sagging stern had been jacked up with new deadwood, her sides were pushed back in to reduce the "panting", she was reframed up forward, given new 16" floors and new garboards, and the "alligator" was renewed. This is probably a local term which, as I understand it, refers to a crosswise truss structure about a vertical sternpost tying in with the floor and deck beam. The counter extends back from this.

After Boothbay '94, *Chrissy* returned to Essex where I first saw her under a plastic tent beside the shop. Her house and deck were gone, as were many planks. The stern framing was getting a thorough re-vamping and new ribs were in place aft. To me it looked like many a project in the danger zone, so deep into it and still uncovering problems that one might forget what the goal is.

Harold had what looked like an impossible list of work to be done on her, as well as another project for a customer, and wasn't too excited about working on my dory. He sent me away with some advice about geranium propagation.

A couple of months later I stopped by to see how things were going, but *Chrissy* was gone. The area where she had been was clean and grassy. A numb feeling came over me. The big shop door was wide open and inside there was major chaos. Then I began to see an order. The turmoil reflected a landslide of tools, lists, boards, boxes of fasteners, half eaten sandwiches, half drunk beer, tubes of caulk, everything indicating finer detail and more minute activity as it got nearer the door, and then a conscious reversal, sort of a push back in, an effort to keep the disorder inside as the job wound down.

I turned to look at the waterfront, and

Harold & Chrissy

Story & Illustrations by Bill Woodhead

there she was, unpretentious, unglistering, but afloat, and there was a human head bobbing inside the cockpit. There was a cranking and a puff of exhaust smoke. The head disappeared and feet came up. A hand groped for a pair of pliers, the feet swung over the top, split apart, rotated and settled on the other side, some hammering, a ratcheting noise, a seagull squawk.

The feet swung down and the head on the other end came up. The starter engaged and there was another puff. It engaged again and the Atomic Four that had been discarded by Charlie Burnham in 1978 came to life, with about 75% conviction.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Smoke rolled across the water past the Essex Shipbuilding Museum at the old Story Shipyard next door. Two young future historians standing out of the 95 degree heat in the shadow of the *Evelina Goulart*, an old Essex-built mackerel schooner now part of the Shipbuilding Museum exhibits, noted with enthusiasm that, "after 17 years it's running again!"

It was obvious to me that Harold was still busy and had I been more sensitive I should have just gone on about my business. But no, "Harold," I yelled, "it's me, Bill. What are you doing?"

"We're going to Rockland, Maine, on the tide," he yelled back. "Want to come along?"

"When did you put her in the water? How many people are going? How many bunks? I asked.

"Two days ago, you'll make five and you can build them while we go eat," he replied.

I went to get my gear. I cancelled an appointment with my therapist, told him I had emergency work to do in Maine. I grabbed a bag I keep in Harold's shop for the occasional overnight, a toothbrush and change of underwear. Luckily my off-shore suit was there, because I was dressed for 95 degree fixing-antiques-on-land-weather, tee shirt and shorts.

I returned to Harold's at 6:30. The tide was half in and he had brought *Chrissy* to the float. Numerous people were milling

around and a pile of gear and provisions was forming. I looked into my glove box for sunblock and insect repellent. All I found were wire drier and antibiotic cream. I brought them. Harold introduced me to Jim, and everyone else left to eat. Jim and I grabbed some plywood offcuts, took them below and fitted them onto the bunk framing and screwed them down with sheetrock screws.

Harold had mentioned that the top-sides hadn't seen any moisture in almost a year so when we heeled over water would come running in onto the gear, so I found some 1/4" plywood pieces to bend onto the frames as ceiling. I squirmed under the deck beside the engine. Sweat was running onto my glasses, my arms were pinned overhead holding a screw, the screwgun and the plywood in the rapidly darkening

recess, while greenhead flies took chunks out of my thighs. The screwgun slipped and hit my thumb. I moaned.

A whisper: "If you build it you can come..."

Me: "Who's that?"

Voice: Just paraphrasing, hate to waste a good line."

Me: "Amen."

Voice: "Funny."

Me: "Listen, every time you talk to someone it causes trouble; saints, shrines, pilgrims, ballparks..."

Voice: "It's cool man, I was just scanning your sector and noticed an unusually clear signal. Whatever it is, you should definitely do it. What is it, anyway?"

Me: "An overnight sail to Rockland."

Voice (in a singsong whisper): "I don't think so."

Me: "You know about the weather (of course)."

Voice: "No, I delegate that. You have TV?"

Me: "Not Willard Scott?"

Voice: "Trust me."

Me: "We have a GPS."

Voice (fading): I have a headache (suddenly louder). "Can I go too?"

Me (evasively): "You, you sail? I don't think we have enough food..."

Voice: "I don't eat much."

Me (trying to be p.c.): "There are no facilities for women. How will I know you?"

Voice: "I'll come as a greenhead."

Me: "Oh, shit!"

Harold: "Bill, wake up. How did you build all this panelling so quickly? It looks almost biblical. Remember this is just a workboat."

Me: "It's not that good, Harold, just a few extra screws."

Harold: "That could affect the compass. Are we ready to load? It's 8:30."

A few steadfast shorebound friends lent their hands to final preparations. The sails were hung and supplies loaded. Jack Aubrey would have swung the cat freely at the way things were stowed below, but he would have been pleased when we cast off at 9:30 and headed down the river with the tide.

and various boxes of stuff. Taking a deep breath, I plunged into the greasy bilge and pulled the hose off the pump. I was able to blow it out, impelled more from fear than from aerobic conditioning.

John, in the meantime, had figured out his new hand-held Garmin Model 45 GPS. I have to give this a plug. It's discounted to under \$300, user friendly, and it works. It likes to be away from wiring and it doesn't have a remote antenna which might help, but it works. We all easily learned to use it and on the foggy, rock-bound coast of Maine it adds a certain amount of comfort.

The GPS first told us that we were steering more towards Portugal than Monhegan. Dumping the rain out of the box

A bit rested, Harold got up and elected to stand watch with Deborah. Jim and John were in the cabin in their sleeping bags lying atop the mountain of gear, swiping at the remaining greenheads and the steady trickle of water from the uncaulked cabin/deck joint. I climbed in, made a U-turn and cleared a space under the deck beside the engine. I got into my bag upside down in a fetal position, mostly away from the soothing drip of water. All but one of the greenheads were gone.

The morning brought no wind. Harold changed the oil and we motored. John had only one day to give to our venture and we had made poor progress so far, so we altered course for Cape Porpoise. He called his wife on his cellular phone to arrange for pickup. Like I've always said, I would love to live in the 19th century if I could take some of the advantages of the 20th with me. Anesthesia, dentistry, ATM's, and double sticky tape come to mind.

About 12:30 Chrissy chose a nice spot and had one of her petit-mal seizures. While we cleaned plugs, floating on gentle swells, a touring company of finbacks and minke whales came by. And seals.

The engine had a stuck oil pressure relief valve and achieved some significant pressures when cold. The guage often showed over 100psi but it never dropped lower than 40psi, so who knows? Excess oil and worn rings resulted in an efficient lamp black mix which fouled the plugs and filled the muffler.

And as Harold had just figured out, whenever the engine stopped, seawater ran up the pipe and into the open cylinder. It was raining hard and she wouldn't fire again so I got out my wire drier and sprayed the electrics. My toothbrush had already gone into the toolbox for plug cleaning.

Now she started up and we gave more toasts to the goddess of the ocean. I was cold, damp, fuzzy-teethed and happy. Chrissy really knew how to entertain her friends. A whale watch boat came roaring up to see what we were enjoying. The whales left.

Cape Porpoise is just north of Kennebunkport. The proximity of these southern Maine towns to the border of Massachusetts (some down east folks consider this the border of the United States) makes them vulnerable to the pressures of tourism, land speculation and the cruising yacht.

A chief executive who bluefished from a cigarette boat will hint at what happened to Kennebunkport. Cape Porpoise folks don't want that to happen there. The entrance to the harbor is filled with lobster pot buoys and their prop snagging warps. The message should be clear to yachtsmen.

If they don't get it, the less than affable tone at the dock will make the point. We motored toward the fuel dock, to the fishing dock end to be sure, but we had to wait for three boats already fuelling. The attendant yelled, "Hey Cap, where you going? This is a commercial dock."

"You got fuel?" Harold asked.

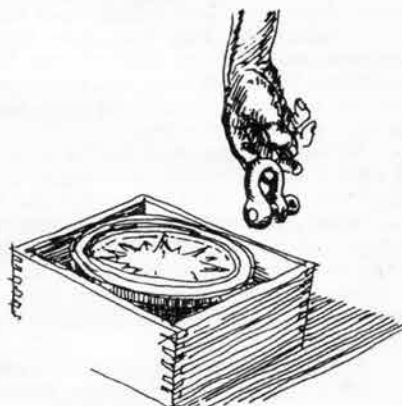
He indicated we should wait. When one of the boats moved out we came alongside another and brought our lines up. Harold told the attendant this was a classic Maine boat and how he hoped for a friendlier reception. The man said the



It was dark and moonless as we left the river and set course for Monhegan Island. Jim, at the wheel, kept commenting at the persistence of the lights of Cape Ann to starboard. Harold, who had not had a full night's sleep in three weeks, went to bed after telling us a few things to keep in mind, such as listening for regular discharge from the bilge pump, as the bilge was full of sawdust and chips and the planks had not taken up yet.

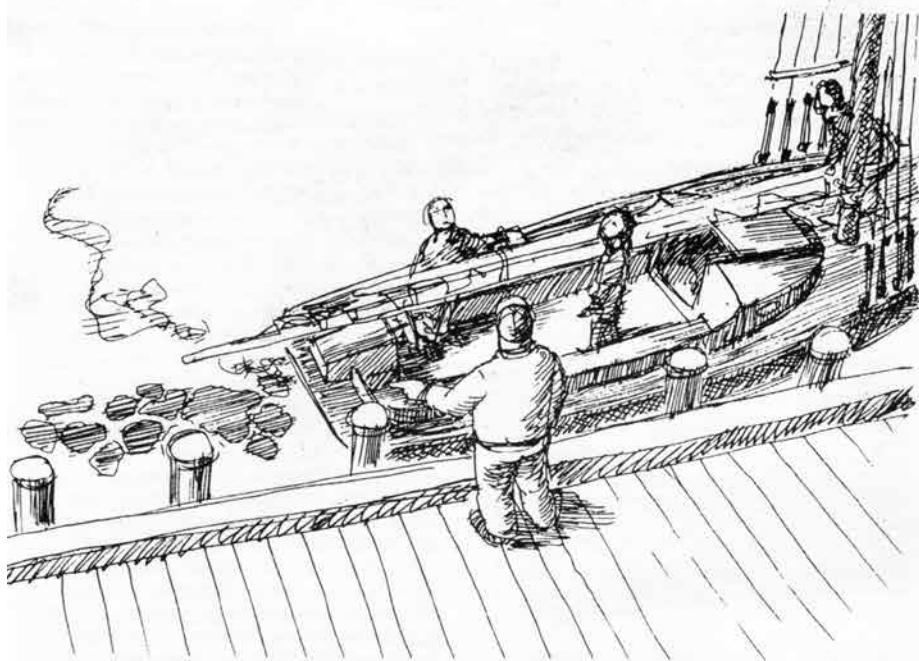
The wind died and we fired up the engine. An ocean going tug with a huge tow threatened us for a while. Lightning played on the northern horizon. Finally Deborah noted that she hadn't heard the pump in a long while, and just about then the engine had a heart attack. We pulled up the cockpit sole and found the shaft coupling was flinging sea water everywhere. The engine was about to drown and we were half sunk.

compass, we discovered a large iron shackle. Lisbon then rotated 30 degrees to the east.



Although Harold's last words had been to wake him if there was any problem, we didn't want to disturb him for something as minor as this. It took a while to find the pump. It was under two anchor rode, one anchor, ten gallons of something oily,

Checking the engine oil we discovered an aqueous emulsion. Water had gotten in during our near foundering. We had enough breeze to make some progress so we let the engine rest until morning, when we could do an oil change.



Massachusetts tax stickers told him all he needed to know.

Perhaps it was our workboat appearance, or the tools and shavings on the deck that made him soften a bit. Harold bought equal amounts of gas and oil (almost).

"You burning gas or oil?" the man asked. When she started up she expelled a fresh batch of pure carbon that covered the water under her counter. "What are you burning?" he asked again. The greenhead flew off and settled on a piling, eyeing the man.

Once outside we got a bit of wind. Night was coming on. The man on the dock had warned us about fog. Harold, democratic as always, outlined our choices. We all knew he was boss, and had guided tankers with strange crews into strange ports with a foot of water under the keel. We respected his consulting us and heartily endorsed his suggestions.

We would eat first and then stand watches. Everyone would get instructed in GPS and we would use that in parallel with dead reckoning and write everything in the logbook at one hour intervals. We would go straight for Monhegan. While food was being prepared, Harold and I ran beads of Sikaflex inside and outside around the cabin and coaming.

Deborah and I took the first watch to Seguin Island. The sleepers slept on deck because the wind had died to nothing and there was a lot of carbon monoxide below with the engine running. The chart table, navigation gear and porta-potti were inside, sort of out of the drizzle and where the navigator's light would not affect the night vision of the helmsman.

Every hour we checked the charge rate (which dropped to zero if we slowed the engine to listen, and wouldn't pick up again unless we kicked the transmission into neutral and over-revved the engine), oil pressure, congruence of two box compasses (it's very easy to move one out of alignment with the boat), and location, distance to go, and new heading from the GPS, and program more way points if required.

We crossed the path of the Portland to Nova Scotia steamer and any other outbound ships about 2am, which eased concerns somewhat. Fog was now thick around us and we had no radar reflector. We could hear fairly well even with the engine running, but there shouldn't be much traffic from now until morning.

The space around us in the fog seemed to have a definite width and length. The width was 10 to 15 feet beyond the rail. At that point your eye accepts the opacity, though one can see a little further. The eye seems to have a scanner that says, "This is a comfortable degree of opacity, I'll rest my focus here until you need more." The same is true in daylight.

A buoy, once spotted, is fairly apparent, but it might be missed because the little computer in your head is accepting some comfortable level of focus and assuming there's nothing important beyond that. You must constantly keep refocussing to penetrate the fog. My glasses were fog-

ging up so I put them away and soon felt that with the conscious exercise my all around vision was getting better.

Not as good as Deborah's, she seemed to see everything first despite staring at a chart on her lap. Youth, or just superior vision. Tazio Nuvolari the race car driver was said to be able to see through fog. And Stirling Moss was famous for spotting and warning journalist friends while speeding through a corner. Ocular athleticism.

Nonetheless, a night in the fog was like driving down a dark highway lined with trees (mine were Lombardy poplars) even though your'e several miles offshore. Forward space extended to the tip of the bowsprit. I suppose we see further forward because there are solid objects (parts of the boat, not the Nova Scotia ferry) to identify.

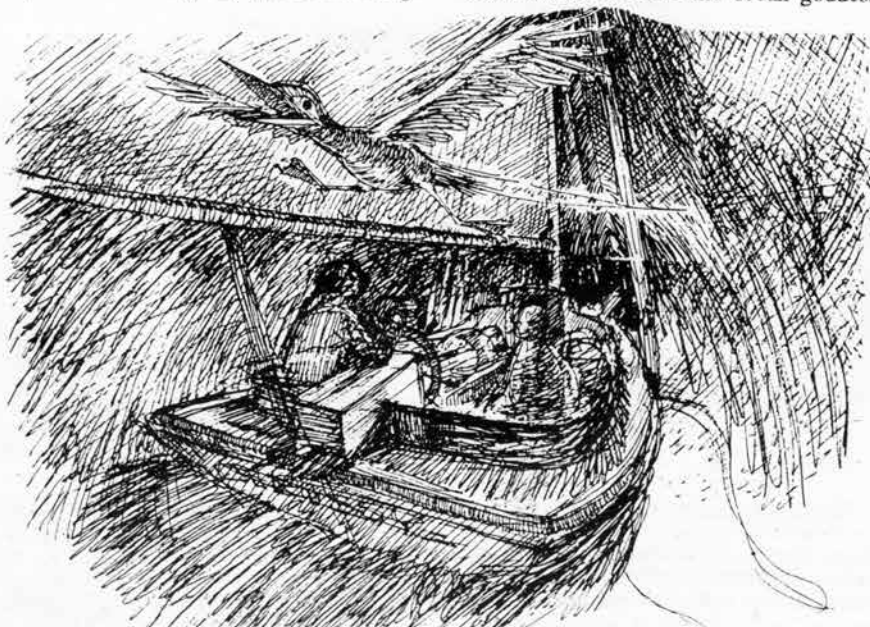
We are sailing point to point and it's early morning, dark and foggy. All of a sudden a doppler pitching raucous "SSQUAAWKK!" goes by on a reciprocal course, scoring (you would swear) a line in the fog 10 to 15 feet off the surface. I assumed it was a surprised gull but why, and how is it navigating?

Maybe the Maine Fisherman's Association is holding an underutilized species bake-off on Cape Elizabeth tomorrow. The gulls came on at regular intervals, always on our left which, according to the GPS, meant their track was more accurate than ours.

At Seguin we found the buoy right where it was supposed to be. We couldn't see it until we were very close, and even then it was hard to judge its size or distance, but we wanted positive identification.

The ghostly bass horn driven by the swells woke up Jim and Harold for their shift. We checked the engine oil, then I climbed into my bag, spreading my jumpsuit over me to keep off the drizzle. I had very active and weird dreams both nights, but then, reality was pretty wild too.

Three and a half hours later I'm up. I could use some more sleep but I'm wired. It's daybreak and Monhegan is coming up. We find our buoy, check the engine oil, throw some rum into the ocean goddess,



toast ourselves and head off into the blurring enshrouding white towards Mosquito Island and then up the Muscle Ridge Channel.

Lobster boats start to be heard, they make a guttural tractor-like noise gunning the engine for a quick turn, then shutting down as they grab the next pot. Their sound gives us a pretty good idea where they are and in what direction they are moving. The fog is low lying and they can probably see the top of our rig.

Deborah takes requests and cooks us instant oatmeal and coffee on the alcohol stove. Cooking with boiling water sure works well on a boat in the fog and it complements the Ring Dings, Devil Dogs, fig bars and Tootsie Pops.

We pass Owl's head. Deb's reckoning is impressively accurate. There's no time to program the GPS nor would you want to. In close quarters it's much better to be looking, listening, sniffing. She calls out, "Green can on the left in 45 seconds. Jim, steer 055 degrees. Bill, you should see a big rock on the right about....now."

The fog starts to lift and we are just turning into Rockland Harbor. Harold hoists all sail and shuts down the engine. We start to make out gaff rigs of the assembled Friendship sloops.

An amplified voice comes over the water, "There will be a race today at one o'clock inside the harbor starting at the 'B' buoy. The Parade of Sail will start soon at 10:30, and...Oh, here's the *Chrissy*, Captain Harold Burnham, just this minute arriving from Essex, Massachusetts. The *Chrissy* was built in...." We sailed by the town pier and got an ovation.

We found the Burnhams on the *Resolute* and kept on sailing around looking at the 50 or more boats assembled. *Resolute* caught up to us and Harold jumped across, ostensibly to take a look at how our rig was setting, but also, I think, he wanted to hear what his father had to say.

Charlie later told me he was very surprised Harold had made it, and in his New England way, I could hear him saying he was reasonably satisfied with Harold's accomplishments.

We had missed the first day of racing, but Harold had high hopes for today. He lowered the boom pivot 8 inches, which allowed him to tighten up the topsail. We got a good start and were in contention on the second lap when Harold guessed wrong on a wind shift and left the competition uncovered. They sailed away from us.

Afterward, we sat and talked. Rockland catered a fine barbeque under a tent and provided a jug band to make conversation difficult. They played such local hits as *Semi-Educated*, *Semi-Driving Woman*, and one about a roadkill and leaving a relationship. Social relations in Maine I guess.

Jim's wife came to pick him up and I caught a ride back to Essex with them. Harold and Deb would pick up crew for the race tomorrow, and attend the awards ceremony where *Chrissy* was honored for getting there. The day after that the fleet sailed down to Friendship for a Parade of Sail. I would have like to have seen that as the harbor filled with gaff rigs. It isn't every day that you get to see a sight like that.



The International Association Of Cape Horners Launch Register of Solo Circumnavigators

As 33 potential Cape Horners prepare for the start of the 9th Vendée Globe solo non stop round the world race from Les Sables d'Olonne on November 8, The International Association of Cape Horners (IACH) has taken on the mantle of maintaining an official register of those who have completed solo circumnavigations via the Three Great Capes, Good Hope, Leeuwin and the Horn.

The listing, which records 155 solo non stop circumnavigators and a further 143 who have completed true circumnavigations around the three Capes with stops enroute, has been compiled from listings maintained previously by Sir Robin Knox-Johnston (the first to complete a solo non stop circumnavigation back in 1969), historian DH "Nobby" Clarke, The World Sailing Speed Record Council and information culled from books and the public domain.

Commenting on the new Register, Sir Robin said today, "It seems totally appropriate that the IACH now becomes the holder of the list of solo circumnavigators passing south of the Three Great Capes. This is a valuable resource."

Jean-Luc Van Den Heede, the father figure of French solo sailing and a serial Cape Hornor who has rounded the infamous Cape ten times, the last time when leading the 2018/19 Golden Globe Race, agrees, "To list all the sailors who have sailed around the world alone with or without stopovers has been a huge task. It is a very important part of the history of navigation and I hope a lot more names will be added over time."

The current record for the fastest solo non stop circumnavigation is held by Frenchman François Gabart with a time of 42 days 16h 40'3" set in 2017 aboard the 30m trimaran *Ultim MACIF*. The time to beat for the current Vendée Globe monohull entrants is 74d 03h 36' set by fellow Frenchman Armel Le Cléach in his IMOCA 60 *Banque Populaire* during the last race in 2017.



The oldest solo circumnavigator is Australian yachtsman Bill Hatfield who, at 79, completed a west about route in his 11.58m monohull *L'Eau Commotion* in 2018 with a time of 414 days. The youngest is fellow Australian Jessica Watson who, in 2010 at the age of 16, completed a non stop solo South-

ern Hemisphere circumnavigation via the three Great Capes in her 10.23m yacht *Ella's Pink Lady* but failed to sail the full 21,600 orthodromic distance set by the WSSRC to claim a full circumnavigation.

History and Membership Criteria

All who complete a circumnavigation via Cape Horn are welcome to join the exclusive International Association of Cape Horners and claim an official certificate to commemorate their achievement.

The Amicale Internationale des Capitaines au Long Cours Cap Horniers was founded in 1936 by a group of French Master Mariners based in St Malo to form an exclusive, albeit dying, bond between those who had sailed round Cape Horn in square rigged sailing ships. Those are now history. The last commercial sailing ship voyage was in 1949 when the *Pamir* and *Passat* sailed from South Australia bound for Falmouth.

In 1969 the British Chapter of the Association became the International Association of Cape Horners (IACH) and amended the membership criteria to read, "To promote and strengthen the ties of comradeship which bind together the unique body of men and women who enjoy the distinction of having voyaged round Cape Horn under sail."

Specifically, full membership, currently £20 per annum, is open to those who have rounded Cape Horn under sail as part of a non stop passage of at least 3,000 nautical miles which passes above the latitude of 52° South in both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans and is completed without the use of engines for propulsion.

Associates are those with an interest in Cape Horn but whose experiences do not meet the full membership criteria. One of the latest Associates is Susie Goodall whose yacht was pitch poled and dismasted 2,000 miles west of Cape Horn during the 2018/19 Golden Globe Race.

This modernising approach has opened membership to all those who have raced around Cape Horn in events like the Whitbread and Volvo Ocean races, Sir Chay Blyth's Global Challenge events, the Jules Verne Challenge and solo events such as the BOC Challenge, Vendée Globe, Five Oceans and Golden Globe races. Membership is also open to the many who have cruised around the infamous Cape under sail.

"Sailing around Cape Horn, the Everest of ocean sailing, has always been a badge of honour. I commend anyone who has achieved this great feat to join the IACH," says the Earl of Portsmouth, the Association's President.

For further information contact Archie Fairley, secretary@capehorners.org.



Meandering the Texas Coast

Beans 'n Rice

Beans 'n rice is what I had for lunch today. The wife sent me off with a cooked bag of rice, HEB, the local grocer sold me a few can of beans a while back, they were already on the boat. My alcohol cook stove and portable galley was aboard as well. So for lunch it was beans 'n rice. Sitting at anchor in a small bayou on the south end of the preserve that gives St Charles Bay a certain charm, unachievable elsewhere, elsewhere where houses or such could be built.

On the Lamar side of the bay there are houses, not on the side I had my victuals. It was nice. Just me, a few wade fishermen showed up a few hundred yards away, got back aboard the boat and flew on out across the bay to somewhere else hunting fish. There were several all around me where I sat anchored, fish, not fishermen. They knew they were safe with me. I didn't tell the fishermen either.

I hadn't sailed this part of the coast before, I put in near the bridge at the edge of Copano Bay, went out under the bridge. I knew there were reefs ahead and a long pier at Goose Island State Park, I checked Google before I left. Ya, ya, I know, charts, plotters and all that stuff wasn't aboard. I was tethered to *Red Top* though. Oughta be worth a few points, that one. Line of sight navigation, I think that's what it's called, a fool's errand. Don't try this at home.

After passing by the public ramp at St Charles Bay, I went across the bay to the reserve where I stumbled upon the bayou. Boy, it was pretty. So quiet and peaceful. I hope to go back. Upon leaving I set a different course, I didn't want to short tack between the pier and the reef running parallel with it.

To go a different direction I'd have to weed my way through some thin water. Pelicans to port on a dry sand island, small waves breaking off starboard, knowing the breaking surf indicated very shallow, I figured to squeeze between the birds and the surf. I put on my water shoes. The leeboards were talking to me, the aluminum rudder was complaining as well. Grabbing the paddle I motor sailed for 10 or 20 yards. Success.

The ride back was nice and pleasant. A bit of spray now and then, drank almost a gallon of water this afternoon, outside of a few fishermen I had it all to myself, no other sailboats to be seen.

MAIB

The problem with reading current and back issues of *MAIB*, that would be *Messing About in Boats*, is that it could get darn expensive. If a fellow or lass were to get caught up in the excitement of the various stories, paying for it all would be one humdinger of a bill.

By Michael Beebe

Reminds me of attending the only two surfing contests I ever saw. After about an hour my friends and I were off surfing, the heck with watching. Getting an itch and trying to scratch it might be a chore were it not for the fact that the launch ramp is only a couple of miles away for me to put my small sailboat in.

Yesterday I took *Red Top* out with the gusts topping out about 23mph. Today they were topping at 30mph or 31mph. I stayed home. I stayed home enjoying the latest read of *MAIB*. Reading about a canoe trip way, way up north, cold, snowy, wet at times, waiting for clear weather at both ends of the trip to get flown out.

Sounds pretty neat to me but I'll have to settle for the local stuff around here. There's enough opportunity for trouble at my doorstep, as it were. I can save the thousands of dollars those fellows spent. Yet still, it was drawing me to be out and about.

So I went out and worked some on the plywood canoe I built this past year. Yeah, took me over a year, going by the postage stamped on the plans. It wasn't a difficult build, just other things got in the way. The next up with the canoe is dialing in the leeboard placement. I'm looking forward to it.

Stay away from *MAIB* unless you want to feel being urged to the far reaches of the north. Stay away as well from the many fine articles by others that'll get the juices flowing as well. It's good for the circulation, both the blood within and the eyes without. What's not to like?

I'm Getting...

I'm getting wrinkles, my arms when in rest mode just laying there across the couch cushion or such, are all wrinkles. The skin just kind of finds itself, as it were, just laying around. My coffee buddy, he's got me by five years or so, tells me he's tired. Well, he oughta be tired. He's repaired three houses since Hurricane Harvey visited us, I've only repaired two. I have repaired a number of small sailboats. I do hope they count for something.

Speaking of which, small sailboats, being where I am in life here on the Texas Coast with its abundance of sailable waters, thin if you wish, to the deeper, drownable kind as well. At 72 I had to face the facts of just where I am in this wonderful life and the ability to keep on enjoying it as much as possible.

So the bigger sailboats are all gone now. They won't be coming back. The smaller ones will be staying on. I'm finding I can find just as much trouble for myself with a 12-footer as I can with a 26-footer. The 12 I can usually get back aboard and sail away with out much fuss. The bigger one's not so. It's cheaper as well.

I read somewhere while sitting at a tiller

alone, it don't really matter how much boat is in front of you, you is where you is and besides, with good shoes, those oyster reefs aren't so bad either, wrinkles or not.

I stumbled across a story about "senior sailing," getting ready for the golden years while enjoying the sunsets out upon the, yeah, yeah, yeah. There was though, a load of spots to be considering. I enjoy small boat sailing as well as many of you reading these missives.

I've given it some thought and the little gem that I hope to be sailing for many years is my little Lehman. My idea is to know the gal so intimately, sailing her will be second nature, as pretty much it is now. Knowing just what she'll handle, how tight of spots she can get in and out of. That sort of thing and more. Some days I drop the sail and use my shifting body weight to guide her to the dock.

The tinkering isn't done yet, the fine tuning has a way to go, she's turning heads now that I've painted her. Her insides are grey and for some reason collect mildew, twice this season I've had to get after her with a good cleaning.

Her carriage is to be reworked as well. She doesn't care one bit if her old man is just as beat up and full of wrinkles as she is, she is kept fit and active and hopefully we've a way to go, Lord willing.

9-11-20

Red Top, Conn Brown Harbour, turned right under the bridge. Thought I'd circle Ransom Island. Got there so quick I decided to go up the ship channel to Port Aransas, it being just a few miles further, the wind was from behind at this point, north with some west in it, then thinking the promised wind of 20mph gusts would make it all work. They never came. With dying wind I'm now feet from the ferry zone off Port Aransas. Uh oh!

In the midst of this afternoon sail that began at noon and stretched as it did into a late nighter, were several moments of laughter, not the out loud kind, more like a chuckling to myself, maybe a disbelief kind of laughter, or a here we go again type as the late comedy team's line, "Here's another fine mess you've gotten us into," only it would be *Red Top* speaking to me. With a given gust of wind I start across the path of the ferries, only to lose it dead center, time to motor sail, bummer.

I'm about to find out I'm floating on a falling tide as well. The northbound, southbound ICW and the shrimp boat channel from Aransas Pass converge right where I was, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico on a falling tide and me with faltering wind, another bummer. I didn't relish the idea of being squirted out into the Gulf. Last year, or another year, one of the ferries had engine trouble with a falling tide, soon found themselves going around the corner and headed for the open Gulf of Mexico. They, the ferry

workers, the trucks, cars and their passengers got a bit more than they paid for that day and the ferry ride was free.

If a slight breeze were to keep up I could stem the tide and for a while I did. That information now stored in my mind to be used hopefully another time. Anchoring on the side of the shrimp boat channel with my dinner of pork 'n beans and being set to rocking with every passing sport fisher, thanks just the same. I decided to move on.

With the fading promise of enough wind I set sail and begin again this seemingly losing battle. Seemingly only because I stuck with it and did obtain the goal. As hot and sweaty as I was, spending the night at anchor did not appeal, the appeal part was water not enough to wash up and enough for coffee in the morning. I wanted more than coffee in the morning. Five more hours were ahead of me, the wind dying almost completely, leaving whispers here and there, the falling tide finally quit and the water became glass, it was pretty. The grey herons started squawking as I startled them into flying off.

I'd hung my anchor light from the boom and now with the setting sun long gone, the light more than did its job. A large commercial shrimper leaving Conn Brown caught sight of me before I noticed him, keeping his speed down until after passing me. His spot light shining in my eyes momentarily from a distance revealed to me his awareness.

About midpoint a wedding was being held overlooking the water, beautiful music being played, the bridesmaids being led to their positions, the grooms already in place, I was close enough to hear the words spoken, I tipped my hat.

After five hours of this stuff and the hours before, I didn't have much left in me but I did get to the dock unaided. The old "towed out being OK, towed in not so good." I've been towed a few times toward the dock, I know the feeling. Getting home at 10:30pm, the wife asks, "Are we having fun yet?"

The Armchair Sailor

The armchair sailor, or the Monday night quarterback, until too many of 'em started saying prayers on the sidelines, or maybe they weren't praying, anyhow so the fans are fewer and the Monday night quarterbacks are fewer themselves as well.

This little missive isn't really about those on the field anyway, what I am trying to decipher is the difference between the two, the armchair sailor and the Monday night quarterback. Is there any? Where would it end, or begin for that matter, the relationship between the two of 'em? Would it be found within the realm of inactivity, a little subtle, a little here and there over time, a little slipping where as the lines are never slipped any more from the dockside cleats?

And we sail vicariously with others as well. I know at times I do and, before I know it, the boat and trailer are hooked up and we are off to the launch ramp.

Three days ago I went sailing and again yesterday, but not today. Though a book I was reading did its darnedest to get me out on the water, I resisted today, perhaps not tomorrow. So the armchair people might not ever play pro ball or sail the globe but hopefully we can still get our feet wet.

Three fellows came down from the next state north and went purposely out onto the Gulf of Mexico for three days running. They

wanted to surf some swells and get in some wind, they did. Their inspiration? I don't know but I suspect it had to do with listening, reading and watching, from at times sitting in that armchair until they just had to go experience it for themselves. One of 'em took a picture from the helm of the other two up on the foredeck tying in a reef. Let the world see just where inspiration can lead. Wet, wild, bumpy, long days and good fellowship "when the long trek's over."

Someday I'm sure the armchair will grab hold and won't let go, until then, tighten the springs on the sucker and when inspiration sends us out the door, we'll get a small lift off.

Littleton, Colorado

Littleton, Colorado, appeared on the cell phone screen, I almost didn't answer it. Bill collectors, ya never know. Wait a minute though, I stopped that nonsense years ago. The mind is amazingly fast with these off the wall thoughts such as when a strange name appears on something as simple as a cell phone. I'd like to be able to harness that quickness when the patrolman asks, "Where's the fire?" Or when I get tongue tied at the drive through, I don't think it's an old age thing, this affliction I've carried with me for many a year.

Littleton, Colorado, so I answered it. I'm glad I did. I'd made the gentleman's acquaintance just about eight years ago. Met him on the first and only Texas 200 I entered and finished, that would be 2012. The several attempts since I don't really count. Garry Osborn was the fellow on the line. He just had his 94th birthday, maybe it was his 93rd. Eight years ago he did the Texas 200 with his grandson in a borrowed Lido 14 and over the course of the next five days we bumped into each other several times.

The 200 that year ended at Sea Drift. I remember standing in my Paradox, tied to the dock with Garry standing on the dock, we were shooting the breeze when up walked this younger female who wanted to meet Garry, having been told his age, she was impressed. My skull's a little thicker not realizing the moment, she gave Garry a hug and stepped back.

"How old are you, Garry?" I asked.

"85," I think he replied.

I said to him, "Garry, you're an inspiration. You really are." I meant it then and still mean so today. I certainly hope to be so blessed to be sailing at that age.

When I finally figured out who it was I was talking to on the cell phone, I started pacing the floor. Couldn't sit down any longer. Garry had sent a letter to me back in June of this past year. Well I had moved and by the time I did receive the letter, some months had passed. We emailed a few times and then the phone call.

We had a nice chat and later I told my wife I had received a delightful phone call. "Why delightful?" she asked. Well, seeing how we had hooked back up again through Bob Hicks over at *Messing About in Boats* a few years ago, and the two of them go back 50 years I come to find out, used to do the motorcycles thing, way back when, together.

It's kinda neat finding oneself among such company from different parts of the country. Yes, it certainly is.

Back Again in Red Top

Very light winds leaving the harbour at Cove. Having to paddle sail several times and when rounding Tilly Island the second thoughts came, should I even be doing this? Spending the night might be on the plate if the wind dies completely. I didn't really want to do that, I went anyway. The light wind did pick up some, just not as advertised.

Approaching Turtle Cut, First House Cut is what I've often referred to it as. Before Harvey there was a house on piles, after Mr Harvey passed through in '17 all that is left are the piles and the first and only floor.

Coming from Aransas Bay the house is on the left, port side, the lake is on the left as well, directly past the old house site. Going this way it can't be missed, but on a SE wind or S, going this direction I would not attempt. With a SE wind, one can get into the first lake and squirt out through the mangroves(?) opposite the duck blind. Across the first lake, then a dogleg bend to starboard, then port again, the water opened up again. The last bit of it before passing out onto Este Flats, it gets a bit narrow and has a couple of turns in it that one can't see just where it leads. The other direction it's doable on a summer wind.

So with winds light I went for it and it was another nice sail. All the way through and then turn around out on Este Flats and back through again. The wind being different, more north to it than just east, I did a turn about and went out through a cut between the mangroves. Across Este Flats, through another cut into the ICW and back to Cove Harbour. Aw! Another nice sail. Thank you, Jesus.



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September's Oar and Sail Outing

At 10am Saturday, September 19, we launched from the Burrows Ball Field ramp off South Road, ducked under the rail bridge and rowed between the old trolley line bridge abutments to nose in beside the runway to hoist sail. A spring tide brought lots of water, it was hard to find the "beach." Parts of the parking lot on the State Park side were flooded, folks were kayaking around parked cars. Plenty entertaining.

René steered our peapod, I rowed. It was a brisk and rousing sail! Phil Behney brought two JGTSCA dories. He rowed one, Michael and Kristin Culbertson rowed the other. The three of them circumnavigated the island next to the park just north of the beach. I didn't even know there was a channel back there! Brian Cooper brought his fabric on frame rowing boat sporting a new sail, it really flies downwind! We caught up with Brian at the "beach" along the runway for a quick snack, then it was off for some more spirited sailing. On the way back we did a mid bay down rig as the breeze abated a bit and the tide ebbed. By 2pm we were all back at the ramp, exchanging stories and trying out each other's boats. A good time was had by all. It is good to be back out rowing and sailing.



And This

From Mystic Seaport Museum

Mystic Seaport Museum (MSM) Boat-house has been very busy this summer. With indoor venues closed, folks have waited up to an hour and a half to "rent" a Livery boat for free. Individual rowing experience varied as one would expect. A practice rowing station was built with bench and oarlocks on which to practice. Folks found rowing different than paddling. Large flat bottomed skiffs like *George*, the John Atkins' 16' Ration Skiff, were most popular. Three working skiffs from the Shipyard were pressed into service as passenger load increased. Small boats like *Captain Hook*, the Whitehall shaped yacht tender, were also heavily used as were two Beetle Cats which, for expediency, were accessed from the docks.

It is interesting that multi oared gig programs around the country are on hold but small single or family oar and sailboats are in demand. Ed McCabe at Hull Life-saving Museum has a call out for "barn boats" to rehab for next summer's program. MSM, in the meantime, is rebuilding Livery boats, one at a time in full public view, in the exhibit space at the river end of the Thompson Building. Stop by and watch shipwrights like Walter Ansel steam bend and replace frames as well as replace and caulk fresh cedar planks.



John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Welcome to John Gardner
Traditional Small Craft Association

Visit us at the Community Boat House: Building #36 UCONN Avery Point
1084 Shennecossett Rd, Groton, CT 06340

Good Little Skiff & Dory Maintenance

from 5:00 pm Fridays, at UCONN Avery Point Boat house Building 36

Next Meeting: Sunday, September 8th at 12:30 pm

Potluck with Meeting to follow at UCONN Avery Point Boathouse Bldg. 36

Local: www.JGTSCA.org www.facebook.com/JGTSCA

National: www.TSCA.net

John Gardner TSCA News Notes

The Latest from Around Our Chapter

Edited by Bill Rutherford



Mystic Seaport Ship Modeler Activities

This from Bob Andrie, "About half a dozen or so of us had a good time at the (abbreviated) engine show back on August 15 and Hans Berger organized two more events at the floating docks September 12 and September 26. Covid precautions are being observed and I have to say I did feel quite safe, especially considering that the events are held entirely outside. Otherwise we're definitely holding the group together and simply waiting this out, hoping that the situation improves and we can get back to regular meetings and events, whenever that may be.

On September 26 we had the last of our bi weekly Saturday R/C and display shows on the floating docks at the Seaport. We had sail and powerboats running most of the time through the day and the visitors on shore appear to have enjoyed it very much.

An Update from Building 36

From the Avery Point Boathouse Dory Manager Phil Behney reports, "Shop activities are moving along nicely, I have had several people offer assistance but have not been able to get my act together to coordinate times. There are two dories nearing completion and I plan to order some more Davis style oarlocks. The interiors need to be painted and we have about

a half gallon of paint, may need to get more. Number 4 is sanded on interior and Number 2 needs sanding and minor repair on transom.

As soon as these two boats leave the shop we can bring in the new club project, the Swampscott Dory. Remember that it is parking ticket season if you visit the shop during school class hours. Fridays and weekends are safe."

Another 17th Century Visitor

Here is a photo of the *Kalmar Nyckel* fresh off the Seaport Shiplift on September 22. To see her underway, view a stunning video at <https://vimeo.com/185652443>. The original ship was built by the Dutch in 1625 and carried Swedish colonists to New Castle County, Delaware, in 1638. The replica is a bit younger, having been launched in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1997.

In a little known story, the Swedes were led by a former leader of Dutch New Amsterdam. After settling, they started offering Native Americans better prices for pelts than the Dutch, who considered the "South River" (the Delaware) their territory. That ticked off Peter Stuyvesant who mounted a military expedition that re established Dutch control. Meanwhile, the Native Americans, who had better communications than Stuyvesant, counter attacked the Dutch in Yonkers while he was away. Ah, we think we live in interesting times.

October Thames River Row

Phil Behney led an early morning row, departing the Ken Streeter state launch ramp (under I-95 on the Groton side), crossed, then went downriver and up Brigg's Brook to New London's Winthrop's Cove towards the site of the Old Town Mill. The route took them through open water, across an active shipping channel, under a low railroad bridge and through a narrow culvert beneath a highway underpass.

Phil made Chapter dories available and rowed one himself. Brian Cooper rowed his light fabric on frame Whitehall. A highlight was participation by two oared gigs from Russ Smith's Ledyard Youth rowing group. To learn more about Russ' group, here is a link to an article about Russ Smith and his rowing program from *The Day*: <https://www.theday.com/local-news/20200926/ledyard-rowing-teaching-teamwork-and-leadership-for-all-ages>.

And here is a video of highlights of the row by Brian Cooper: <https://youtu.be/EHcYRe7iiRw>.

What better way to celebrate Indigenous People, Columbus Day and Halloween than with an exploratory row! A big thank you to Phil for researching the tides and currents, guiding the route and arranging such a pleasant break in the weather.



Only from shore could I see in the first 1,000 yards where the ice pans blended into an impenetrable extensive slush ice area. Although conditions appeared from the shore to be less questionable, I knew that I could not judge the strength and size of the swells at night, even under moonlight. The amount of light was insufficient for depth perception at long distance. At night (and often even in the day) it is difficult to judge conditions accurately without being out there.

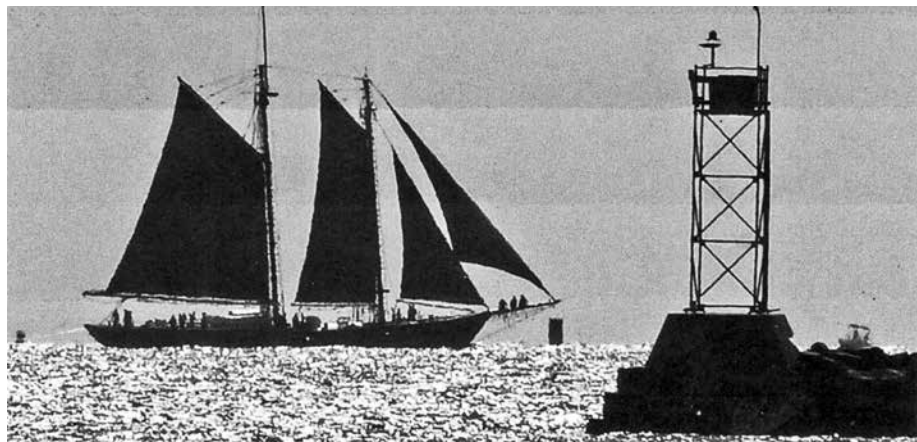
I kept in mind that when I am committed to paddling in the slush ice, even where it is freer with less volume, turning around the kayak to reverse direction requires performing disconcerting maneuvers. The trick is to not catch my paddle under the ice while trying to reverse direction. I am not too concerned about paddling short distances through slush ice but in this situation the distances were not just in the tens of feet but in the hundreds of feet.

I have had to keep in mind that although it may be dark or I might be preoccupied with other issues, I must consciously avoid passing the paddle beneath the ice and confine all strokes to being very shallow just on the surface of the icy water or just penetrating part-way through the surface of the ice. I have had to train myself and practice enough to recognize what angle of the paddle shaft I have to maintain consistently.



And We Leave You With a Lovely Photograph from Sharon Brown

Sharon's description, "Flying down the sound in a beautiful ESE breeze, many people must have been taken by *Roseway's* presence underway. Even in silhouette at such a distance it was exciting and the crew on deck visible. I've never sailed on *Roseway* but it brought back memories of other days on other schooners."



A Gift from Sid Whelan to our Community Boathouse

Sid Whelan has graciously donated his boat building books personally autographed by John Gardner as well as a copy of "Pete" Culler's *Boats, Oars and Rowing*. They will be in a special box in our library at the Avery Point Community Boathouse for members to use. Thank you, Sid!



Paddling at Night Through the Sitka Ice

By Gail Ferris @ Gaileferris@hotmail.com

In the middle of the night, disembarking from Pine Orchard Yacht Club area, as I paddled past the protection of some outlying rocks I discovered that I was feeling something weird. My kayak was rising up alarmingly beneath me and swaying, as strong swells running through the slush ice were lifting me up and thrusting me downward. Although there were no waves, the density of the slush feels like riding on a carpet just beneath the surface. I felt just as though I was on the back of a sea serpent. And at night with no visual cues I found this to be an exhilarating experience.

Then it was out of the slush back into the outlying narrow band of small ice pans passing into open water and all the swells felt just routine. It was a most memorable experience to be paddling along in my kayak and feel as though I was on the back of a dragon in an area of slush ice and suddenly feel my kayak shoot forward when I passed into open water.

I have found in crossing stretches of mixed open water and migrating packs of

ice it is important to have a boat which will retain its stability even if I collide with an unseen pan of ice. Our night vision does not see directly ahead, night vision starts at 15° to either side. What I did to deal with this was to turn my head frequently from side to side and use my peripheral vision as much as possible. When looking directly at a small object directly off the bow, it is not visible until partly passing by.

Boat stakes can be a big surprise. In the dark of morning I nearly did collide with a boat stake that was directly in front of me. I resorted to staying out from among the boat stakes in the dark because those skinny little wise guy stakes just seemed to jump in front of my kayak. When rowing in the dark I found that I have an even more limited range of vision because I cannot rotate my head quite far enough so I prefer to row facing forward.



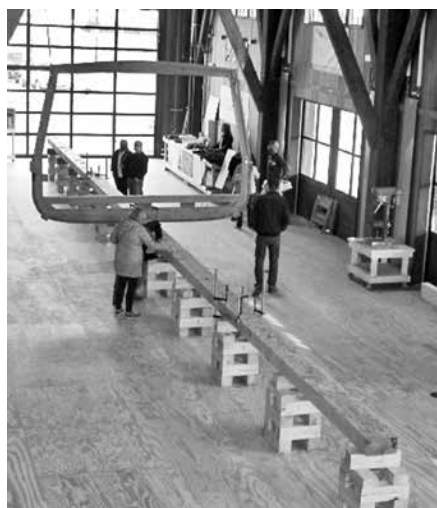
October 17 was the Grand Opening of the long awaited Long Shed and the beginning of the *Seneca Chief* Canal Boat Project at the Buffalo Maritime Museum. This impressive building was constructed on the very same grounds where in the “days of old” canal boats or packets were built. This location, the terminus of the Erie Canal, is now referred to locally as Canalside on the Inner Harbor of Buffalo’s downtown waterfront.



On the waterfront.

The Long Shed Grand Opening was scheduled for June but delayed due to the state corona virus regulations and protocols. The building will be used to build a replica of the famous *Seneca Chief*, the canal boat that carried Governor Dewitt Clinton from the Hudson River to Buffalo to dump the famous bucket of water and make the symbolic “Official Connection” of the eastern and western ends of the state of New York by water and thus opened the West for expansion.

The event was open to the public and gave everyone the opportunity to learn about what will eventually take place over the next few years building this canal boat and everyone was encouraged to sign the 70’ white oak keel. When the lovely and talented Naomi and I arrived there were over 6,000 signatures on the massive timber.



That’s a long long keel thar.



The BMC’s *Seneca Chief* Canal Boat Project

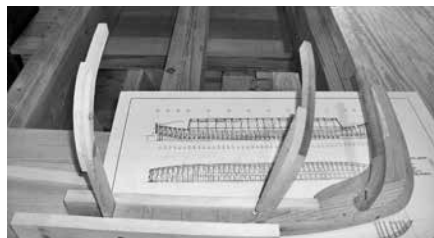
By Greg Grundtiisch



6,000 have signed up and counting...

This project began as an idea conceived over 25 years ago by founder and President Emeritus, Dr John Montague of the Buffalo Maritime Center. The idea was to bring Buffalo’s early history to life with a historically significant boat that represents the area’s heritage and the hard and difficult work of those who built the Erie Canal. The *Seneca Chief* canal boat will be a tangible representation of the early “maritime” history of the city of Buffalo that all can enjoy, take part in building and eventually travel on across the state.

The construction will be open to the public for viewing and anyone who wants to work on the project can volunteer to do so. John Montague’s tireless efforts over the many years and his persistent optimism to make this happen in the face of a host of obstacles is a testament to his strength of will, spirit and vision. This is the same “American Spirit” that got the canal built and opened to westward migration, expansion and commerce.



Scale models frames...

... and a full scale keel scarf (four of them in all).



Model of the hull cross section.

His continuing dedication and hard work did not, and does not, go unnoticed by very many around the western New York area. There are others who also shared his vision and worked along with him on this long overdue project. Some of those original co visionaries can no longer participate, or have since passed over the bar, but there are others still working on this project currently as well as other ongoing projects at the Buffalo Maritime Center.

Naomi and I arrived at the Long Shed by walking over the suspension footbridge (a historically accurate replica) that crosses over the Commercial Slip at the Canal Terminus. There, at the end of the bridge, we see on the outside wall of the Long Shed a bronze casting. This casting represents the building, dedication and commerce of this historic Erie Canal site. The BMC foundry volunteers made the mould, melted down the metal, then cast, buffed and finished off this remarkably beautiful detailed art piece. It even has “Old Sal” of the “15 Miles on the Erie Canal” represented. Remember that song way back when?

The covid panic required all who entered the shed to wear a mask so it was at times difficult to tell who was who, whom? But undaunted, Naomi found some of the Buffalo Maritime Center’s movers and shakers to get reconnected with them as we have been out of the loop for a while with the Center’s ongoing shop work. She gathered them together for a photo op in front of the keel and frame display just before we had to depart this enjoyable event.

Despite the “social distancing” impositions it was a very successful open house with many in attendance and there was even a band playing. The Center’s staff were available to answer questions and describe the plans for the future building of this boat and the plans to travel along the Canal on the *Seneca Chief*.

There are more details and photos on the BMC’s website about this and the many other projects and programs the Maritime Center is working on, both ongoing and finished projects. The Long Shed will eventually be converted to other public use after the boat building is complete and the *Seneca Chief* is launched. Continue to monitor the website at buffalomaritimecenter.org for ongoing updates on this build and the Buffalo Maritime Center’s other projects.



Lotsa room in the Long Shed.



Preview of the coming attraction.



"...and there was even a band playing."



Naomi gathered up these four of the movers and shakers. From the left, Dr John Montague, Brian Trzeciak, Roger Allen, Naomi, Greg Dudley.

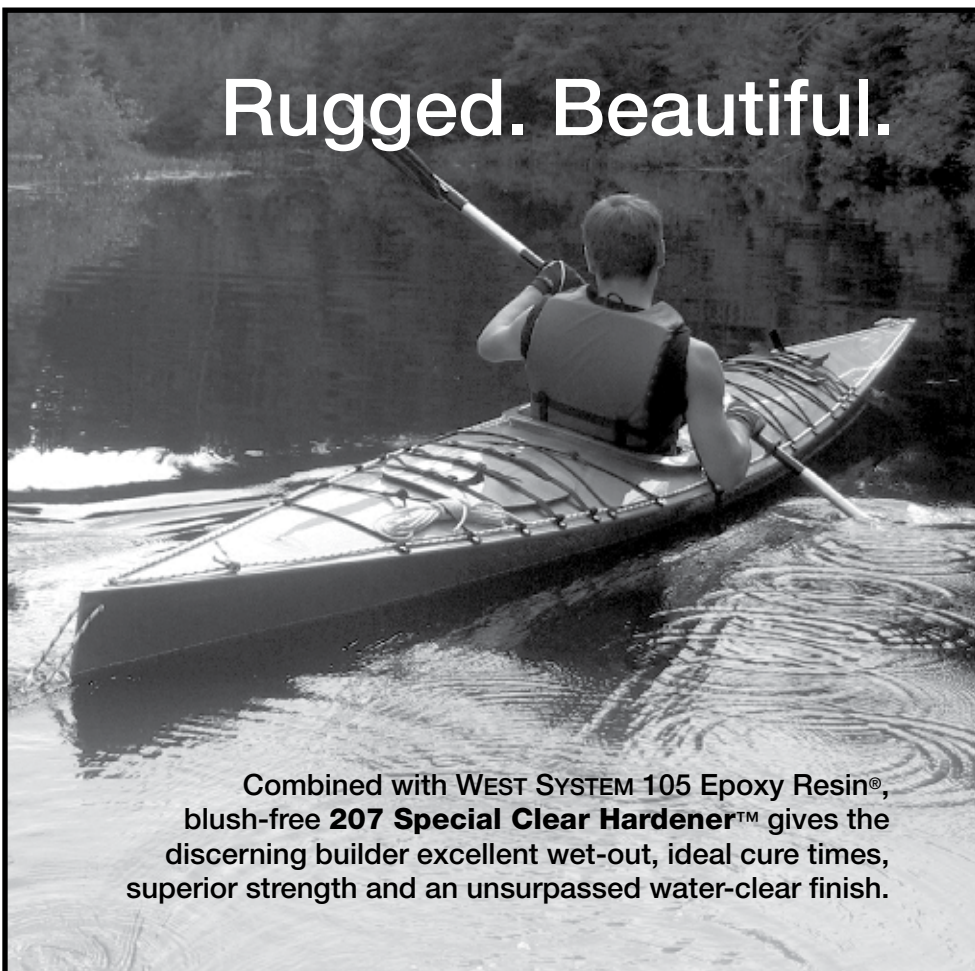


BMC foundry volunteers made the mould, melted down the metal, cast, buffed and finished off this commemorative bronze casting.

Seneca Chief in all her glory.



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The Grumman Co

The Grumman Co decided to build canoes when a company executive was carrying a heavy wood canvas canoe around in the Adirondacks and thought a lighter canoe would be better. The company began testing a 17' prototype in their Bethpage, New York, facility. It was then moved to Marathon, New York, when the Bethpage facility was needed for war aircraft production. The early prototypes developed into a smaller 13' production version. They first showed up in New York City in the window of Abercrombie and Fitch. It had a sign stating that it weighed only 38lbs, "that even a woman can carry it." They said that, not I. The *New York Times* said it was, "lighter than Hiawatha's vessel and impervious to porcupines and termites." Some high praise!

The Grumman boat that I found most interesting at the museum was not a canoe. It was the Grumman Inboard Motor Boat. The company only built a dozen or so of these. The unusual engineering of this is that the entire motor inside the engine box turns as the steering wheel turns. Not just the out-drive or rudder. It was an innovation that did not catch on. Like the aluminum canoe, the motorboat was also very light and thought to be superior for maintenance and longevity. Impervious to porcupines as well and, no doubt, gribbles, too.



Grumman Motor boat.



Grumman engine.

The Pat II

The museum was to launch the Tour Boat *Pat II* this spring but the president's pandemic has forced everything in New York and other states to shut down for a few months. This put them behind schedule for a spring launch. Now (September) they are working to complete the needed work and they are hoping to get the Coast Guard inspection done before the bad weather so they can start up right away next season.

This boat has an interesting history and has been undergoing restoration since the time the museum began operation in this beautiful facility and grounds. The museum's website provides several videos of the museum and some of the collection it holds and another video of the *Pat II*'s restoration.

The Finger Lakes Boating Museum

By Greg Grundtisch



The lovely and talented Naomi and I took a quick "turn and burn" trip to the Finger Lakes Boating Museum in early September to drop off some old boating magazines and a few parts for Lightning sailboats. The Finger Lakes Region (Skaneateles, New York) is where Lightnings were first produced and Hammondsport, New York, at the south end of Keuka Lake is where the FLBM is located. The museum has an extensive collection of boats of all types that were produced in the area. They have the original building moulds for several designs that originated in the region.

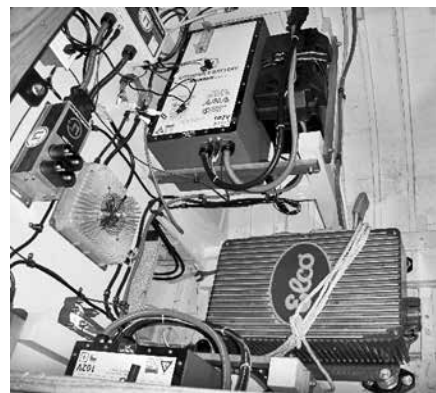
At one time there were over 50 boat building shops, one of which was Sutherland Boat and Coach that Dan Sutherland's (remember Dan, a great guy) great grandfather started where Dan took up building for a while. He eventually closed and moved to Clayton, New York, to work at the Antique Boat Museum, and eventually on to St Michaels and the CBMM. The FLBM museum has some of his Trout boats on display and also some photos of the original shop and Dan. They are also featured in one of the videos the FLBM web site provides.

All very good and highly recommended. As a teaser to one of the videos, some of the *Pat II*'s parts were built from old growth Douglas fir and redwood. No big deal, right? Well, check the video.

The *Pat II* was named after George M. (Pat) Comstock and started her life in the St Lawrence at Thousand Islands as a tour boat and then, in the '50s, was brought to the Finger Lakes (Skaneateles) as a mail and tour boat. Her working career ended in 1991 and she was then neglected for years. When the museum was given the present museum buildings (formerly the Taylor Wine Co) they took on the restoration of this boat (donated by the Skaneateles History Museum) to return her to her former glory and once again as a tour boat. The video describes this in more detail along with a tour of the museum's collection and buildings.



Set up for motor installation.



Pat II and the electric Elco motor being set up in the forward compartment at the bow. A very very long shaft is to be attached.

Paddle Wheelers

I would have never thought there were so many steamboats and paddle wheelers in the Finger Lakes but there were many built and used before road and railroad infrastructure was in place. The museum's collection of scale models of these ships are on display and named after various Finger Lakes. One of the videos includes this model display.



The Museum and Boat Shops

There are continuous repairs, restorations and boat building going on in the museum's boat shops and they use a building plug or mould that I have never seen used before. It is set up for building Trout boats (rowboats) to be built right side up, or it has the ability to be turned completely over or sideways by turning a wheel at the end of the mould.



360° rotating trout boat plug.



Trout boats and Dan Sutherland boatshop display.

The display areas of the museum are full of boats that were built in the Finger Lakes area and the nice thing about this museum is that the displays rotate so there is always something new to see. The museum website has much more to see and in greater detail than all this and is a joy to look through. The people who staff the museum work on the buildings, build and restore boats while all else is done by volunteers. They are very knowledgeable, friendly and helpful.

The Finger Lakes region is New York's "wine country" and there are many wineries and vineyards all around the lakes. Many of the wineries offer tours and tastings and the lake and hill setting is stunningly beautiful, especially in the fall with the color change. But the winter is also pretty with the snow on the hills, valleys and vines. Do check out their website and videos for events and updates as to what is happening and make this a stop any time of year.




Lightning mould and Lightning.

Penn Yan (Penn Yan, New York) Aerodringhy and mould.



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Part 1

This all may not have happened had my mother not followed her Sunday school teacher to her summer home on the edge of Gardiner's Bay. It was there that I became infected with the lure of the sea. It was there that I took my first swim, underwater as a fish, and it was there that I began to accumulate the nuances and skills of a waterman.



My first summer in Old Fireplace just 30' from Gardiner's Bay.

As a youth becoming skilled in small boat handling, my cheeks became finely tuned to sensing the direction of the wind. I discovered the available air inside an overturned dinghy. I learned to understand the state of the sea from dead calm to 3' waves. This became my textbook for judging the timing of waves in order to launch a frail dinghy without capsizing. I, too, became skilled at judging when to slack the sails when approaching a mooring without overshooting it. I became aware of the tide's ebb and flow by scanning the shoreline and observing the position of a channel buoy a half mile off shore. I learned about the variable action of multiple vessels as I put them to use.

One day the milkman stopped me as he delivered milk to my house, saying, "you are the luckiest kid of all the houses I go to." Looking around, taking for granted my surroundings, I wondered what he was talking about. He responded, "you have a boat

"My First 23 Years Living with Saltwater in My Veins"

"My route to becoming a skipper of a four star general's yacht in Yokohama, Japan"

By Ray Hartgen



for every day of the week." And so I did, a skin on frame kayak, an Old Town canoe, two sailboats at anchor, a snipe and a comet, a 16' Lyman and several rowboats. Many were hand me down gifts from an admiring neighbor, the husband of my mother's Sunday school teacher.

That same neighbor, with the help of his two sons and others, erected a 120' dock from the front of his house to the first sandbar as a bridge to deep water. They used the same technique that watermen use to jet in the stakes for their fishing traps. It took 40 poles tied together as pairs with cross pieces to support the 12 platform sections. In a weekend the dock was fixed in place. This I observed as a preteen, noting in detail how it was accomplished.

Six or seven years later, at a time when my neighbor's dock was no longer, I decided that my house, as close to the water as his, deserved to have its own dock. Another neighbor allowed me to cut 40 trees, with an axe, which I dragged down the road to my house. Along with friends we constructed the dock sections, set the poles, tied them together with cross pieces and laid out the deck. This was all accomplished through observational learning which, by the way, became the central theme of my dissertation. I learned by observing. The dock became the focal point of my next venture, a charter service for seeking blue fish as they schooled in Gardiner's Bay.

Part 2

By my late teens, I had been well grounded in the nuances of boat handling and seamanship. I decided it was time to obtain my Motorboat Operators License, known as a Six-Pack, a Coast Guard license for operating a boat under 65' in length for hire with up to six people. I signed up for a Power Squadron course in basic boat operation. At 18 I went into New York City to Coast Guard Operations Headquarters to take the test. For some reason I stood before the Commandant who asked me additional questions, some of which I got wrong. He was gracious, saying you will do well and learn as you grow. Good luck! It appears that he admired my age reaching out to become licensed.

That led to a charter blue fishing service and later serving as captain on several private yachts and two years a student at St Lawrence University. But my sophomore year was a disaster so I elected not to return in the fall. It was Korean War time and without a college deferral I was subject to the draft.

I one upped the draft board by enlisting in the army at an unusual time when one could do so for a two year stretch vs the usual four for the Regular Army. I was issued a serial number preceded by RA. A draftee would have US instead. I was the only RA member of the group I trained with at Camp Gordon GA as an MP. Those with US acted as gold bricks, getting out of training at every chance they could while I was known as "RA all the way Hartjen." I enjoyed the camping experience.

One day near the end of training, I picked up a copy of the service newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, and found a half page photo of two MPs on the deck of a J-Boat in Yokohama Harbor. I tore it out and proudly boasted that that is the job I would have when I got to Japan. Little did I know then how that boast would turn out. That was January 1953.

I arrived in Japan via a troop ship in February and onto the distribution center north of Tokyo. For some reason, while others were given orders to be shipped to Korea, mine directed me to report to Headquarters Yokohama via public transportation. I was assigned to a special guard company that stood watch at the headquarters building. It was four hours on duty, eight off and then after several cycles, 32 hours off.

I was eager to explore Japan on my time off so I bought a bicycle and traveled about to see the sights. Of course, some of them were around the harbor. I encountered a mate aboard an Army tugboat secured at one of the docks. Naturally I mentioned my Coast Guard License. They were in need of a third mate for the tug but my experience did not qualify me for that position. He suggested

The dock that my 15-year-old friends and I built in 1946.



My friends enjoying the fruits of their labor.



that I seek out Captain Semkin, who supervised a special fleet of small boats nearby.

In very short order I found him aboard the Q127, a 110' converted air sea rescue boat berthed adjacent to a 65' air sea rescue craft Q597 and a rather strange 48' boat, the J1437 with fishing chairs in the stern. We had an amiable conversation where I managed to tell him about my boating experience and the CG License. That was June 1953,

On June 19, 1953, during company formation, the sergeant in charge called out, "Private Hartjen, pack your bags. General Mark Clark has requested your presence to join the crew of the special fleet in Yokohama Harbor." My boast of seven months prior was becoming a reality, I was stationed just several hundred yards from where the MPs were photographed on their J-Boat.

I had really taken a fantastic leap forward. My accumulated boating skills and Coast Guard license had enabled me to become a member of a very elite group of long term career watermen attached to the US Army Transportation Corps Water division at Fort Eustis, Virginia.

My being a PFC made no difference. I was now captain of the general's fishing yacht with a Class A pass, no longer needing to sign in and out when I went off base, had officers mess cooked and served aboard the general's yacht Q127 by the three cooks (who were qualified to serve a general) with my berth aboard the J1437, the 48' fishing yacht.



General Mark Clark's 48' J1437 fishing yacht.

Additional benefits accompanied this grand experience. The small fleet became the focal point for long term friends of Captain Semkin. I was a receiver of grand tales as they were told over coffee or lunch when visitors were aboard. One friend, a colonel, heard about my love of sailing and invited me to join his crew aboard his 28' sloop as it participated in an overnight race to the mouth of Tokyo Bay, around an island and back to the finish line at Yokosuka.

After the race I was asked to bring the boat back to Yokohama where it was moored and given the opportunity to use it at any time I so chose. Talk about falling into a barrel of **** and coming out smelling like a rose. The year was just beginning.

Although the boat was available to high-level officers for R&R, in reality on a weekly basis it was used to convey Japanese engineers to tour the harbor as they created the design for an upgraded modern harbor.

There was plenty of down time where I applied my creativity. My immediate supervisor was Sergeant Burns, a very friendly and approachable Navajo Indian. My cabin lacked good storage space, what there was was not very usable below my bunk. I approached

Sgt. Burns with the idea of rebuilding the bunks with pullout draws below. All I needed was the wood and tools to undertake this renovation. Without question the wood was requisitioned. I bought the tools, all Japanese with pull cutting stroke at a shop downtown.

By mid fall the job had been completed. In addition to six drawers I had a desk and a small hifi music system. I had built an amplifier, bought a record changer and speaker and had my mother ship over a dozen or so 33rpm records. I was listening to an opera when I sensed that someone had boarded the boat. This was not unusual as we were outside an enclosure, secured to a floating dock which the Japanese public used often for picture taking. But this time there was a knocking on my cabin door. It was a colonel, aide to a one star general, requesting to come aboard to discuss future use of the boat. An hour later they both left with plans to return for a fishing trip. A very pleasant visit. They did return for the planned trip. This was the last contact I had with high ranking officers.

The staffing requirements for a boat's skipper were such that every two years those in charge had to locate recruits with sufficient skills to operate the vessels. This is not a skill that the army trains individuals for. In my case, I was lucky to apply for a position right when the then current skipper was being rotated back to the States. Later on the skipper of the 65' air sea rescue boat was being rotated. The search was on for a replacement.



It just so happened that my mom, in a letter, told me that Roger, a childhood friend and boating enthusiast, was heading for Japan aboard a troop ship. This I conveyed to my superior who urged me to obtain his serial number which I immediately did.

Port of Yokohama Boarding Officer Vessel.

The day Roger arrived in Yokohama we sought him out to inform him that he would have a change in orders. He didn't quite comprehend what was occurring. He was at the distribution center north of Tokyo placing his duffel on a truck that would take him to a northern town when his name was called on the PA system telling him to grab his bag and report to the office. Two days later he was welcomed to our special group and moved his stuff aboard the Port Commander's boat, the 65' air sea rescue craft. He tells great stories of his two years serving aboard that boat.

In February 1954, orders came down from headquarters to decommission, for austerity, the General's yacht and the fishing yacht. I was being assigned as skipper of the Port Boarding Vessel, a T-5 65' cargo carrying vessel powered with a 12 cylinder Cummings diesel that was moored across the harbor. The Port Commander's boat, with Roger

as her skipper, was ordered to join the T-5 at her dock. In addition, the storage freezer, part of the special fleet's assets, was also moved to the north dock and one of the cooks from the general's yacht was assigned to prepare the meals for the two of us. My crew from the fishing yacht also joined us at the north dock to serve my needs.

Imagine the setting where two guys who had built model airplanes together and messed about in boats as teenagers and earlier, are hanging about together with no obvious supervision. Requests for the use of our boats came by phone or wireless from the port dispatcher. A captain in charge of the port sat in a glass enclosed office within sight of our dock and a sergeant assigned to a tugboat secured to our dock were the only quasi supervisors nearby. We were on our own with no one supervising our moving about as we so chose.

The T-5 carried boarding officers to incoming troop ships. I learned how to angle the boat to where the Jacobs ladder fell on the side of the ship and hold her steady as the boarding officers climbed aboard. The troop ships never actually stopped. While pulling away I had to steer clear by causing a wedge of water to separate me from the troop ship. If instead I backed off, I would be sucked under the stern overhang and hacked by the ship's propeller.

On one occasion the port dispatcher, through whom I received all of my orders,

called on our landline indicating that I was to take a pilot to the vicinity of Yokosuka to meet a tanker which was to hook up to two mooring buoys in order to offload the fuel for the Naval Station. I remember little of the trip south other than that the two other members of our tiny special fleet came along as they had no mission for that day. Roger, my friend from my childhood who was skipper of the Port Commander's 64' ex air/sea rescue craft and Grits, a radio operator, who was assigned to us.

It was a very fine June day with little sea running on Tokyo Bay. The sun was shining brightly with the temperature in the mid to high 70s. We had no other assignments for the return trip to Yokohama so I decided to test our fire pump and launch a steel hulled lifeboat that sat in davits on the main cabin. As is often the case of lifeboats, the pelican hooks were painted closed and had to be chipped free. My friends were there for the ride, not as helpers. My Japanese day crew of three pitched in, pulled off the cover and freed the pelican hooks. As we swung the davits out and lowered the lifeboat, Roger whispered to Grits, "I'll bet he forgets to put in the plug." Sure enough, as soon as the boat hit the water and was free of the hoists she began to sink. I stripped to my shorts and

over the side I went, climbed aboard and screwed in the plug.

While in the water one of my Japanese crew called out, "Hartjensen, Hartjensen, radio, radio," meaning that the port dispatcher was calling Able Able Able Fox, my call letters. I got to the radio as fast as I could only to receive the concerned message, "are we sinking?" "No," I replied and explained what I was undertaking. He responded, "Next time you test out your safety systems please call the dispatcher."

I looked up and saw that one of the 90' Army tugs was bearing down on me with a bone in its teeth, the skipper had seen us with our lifeboat over the side, decided that we may need assistance and gave the order for Full Speed Ahead. He also received his dispatches on the same radio frequency, had heard my interchange with the operator and proceeded by with a long blast on his horn and a wave of his hand.

Thus came to the end of my second year in the Army. I was scheduled to return to the States and muster out. It included just one year that I spent messing about in Yokohama Harbor on Army registered boats. But wait, how was I to get home? The next two months added to my list of army waterborne adventures.

Part 3

Scuttlebutt around the harbor was that plans were underway to collect sufficient crew to help return to the States two Interisland Freight ships destined for mothballing. I was then giving serious consideration to returning to St Lawrence University in time for the fall semester to complete my degree. The planned departure for the freight ships was August. Estimates were that the crossing would be close to a month. If I were lucky I could muster out of the Army in time to be back at school so I volunteered to become a member of the crew. What I didn't know at that time was among the senior crew members were two from the crew of the General's yacht. I also was unaware of my status in the harbor as a reliable captain of the Boarding Officer vessel.

So, much to my surprise, I was signed on as the ship's boatswain in charge of the deck crew, the fourth senior "officer" on the FS275. Although I didn't learn it until later, initially I was to have my own private cabin. But circumstances changed that.

The captain assigned to this vessel had long term experience with smaller boats powered by dual engines. His normal procedure of taking his boat away from a dock was to put one engine in forward and the other in reverse. It works well with many boats but when he used this technique to move the FS275, a 175' vessel, away from its dock, the unexpected happened.

The ship was secured to a commercial dock which engaged floating utility poles called bunkers as fenders to protect the boat from the steel and concrete structure. When the captain undertook his usual departure procedure, his action caused the bunker to be sucked into the port propeller. Really not a good turn of events.

With the engines in neutral the bunker floated free and returned to its secured position adjacent to the dock. With a spring line going forward, the stern of the vessel was powered away from the dock and then motored in reverse into the harbor. The question in everyone's mind was what damage had been done.

As soon as we proceeded forward it became evident that something was amiss in the port propeller or strut as every turn of the port shaft yielded a squeak implying something had been bent out of alignment.

It just so happened that I had a diving mask. The boat had a small launch, which was used in the outer harbor with me diving to undertake an inspection of the shaft, strut and propeller. Nothing was amiss to the naked eye and probing hand. But the squeak persisted.

Harbor management was shaken as this delayed the departure of the two vessels as they were intended to travel together as precaution in case one needed assistance. Two actions were taken. First, the captain was moved to the first mate's role and a new more experienced officer was brought on board as the captain. Second, arrangements were immediately made to prepare for the inspection to take place in drydock. This meant for really large vessels was pumped dry with our small 175' boat properly berthed on the bottom. A team of experts moved in with precise measuring instruments to determine what was amiss. Nothing out of line was found.

Our boat was refloated and sent on a previously planned shakedown cruise to a harbor at the southern end of the main Japanese island, a trip taking several days with the squeak sounding with every turn of the port shaft, about eight to ten every minute. Unhappy with this annoyance, plans were radioed ahead for another drydocking, this time in a floating dry dock. This was an interesting experience for me watching the skilled workers set in place steady poles to keep our ship on an even keel. Several days saw us being inspected by propulsion specialists only to have them conclude that noting serious was out of line. Back floating on our own we sat out the passage of a Pacific typhoon. My chances of getting back in time for the fall semester fell every day.

The typhoon surrounded our boat with seaweed, so much so that when we pulled away our engines overheated because the intake strainers were clogged. Back we were to the dock to have this problem resolved. A day or two later we were finally off to our first Pacific island, Midway. We plugged along at 10 to 12 knots over very calm seas. My berth was now in the forecabin with the engineers' crew.

I awoke one night unsettled by unusual quiet. Instead of the constant slow plunge ahead the boat just sat still rocking from side to side. When I opened my eyes it was dark, no lights. I sprang to my feet, grabbed my flashlight and joined CWO Stubbs, my friend from Q127 days and now the chief engineer of the FS 275, as he worked his way into the quiet engine room. On a ship of this size all of the fuel is stored in the lower bilge. A 'tween deck tank existed to hold each day's fuel.

Obviously someone had failed to fill the day tank. I located a hand operated pump and brought up sufficient fuel to start up the ship's generator. But that being a Diesel it required having its eight injectors purged before it could start. So began the purging of both 12 cylinder engines before we could once again get underway.

Several days later we arrived at Midway Island at dawn and were given a berth across the dock from a Navy AKL, its equivalent to our Army Interisland Freight ship. Sitting on its deck was an assortment of potted plants. This was the boat that was used for the filming of *Mr Roberts*. James Cagney had not yet

arrived but many others in the film were on hand. Now, every time I see the film I hang onto the scenes with the profile of the ship and glow in the knowledge that I was on hand to be adjacent to it in person.

Labor Day weekend 1954, we arrived in Hawaii. The ship's crew was divided into three groups. Each one given a day's shore leave. Luckily I was among the first to go ashore spending some time trying to learn to surf the very mild waves, the night in a Hilton hotel and the day riding around one end of the island in a red MG convertible. What joy!

That night the first crew had been rounded up by the shore police and returned to the ship who placed guards on our dock and prevented anyone else from going on leave. The first group had made such a ruckus that all leave had to be cancelled. It was similar to the movie *The Caine Mutiny* whose crew was also bought back to their ship with a shore guard preventing anyone else shore leave.

So began the final leg of our trip to Oakland, California. I had had the 4-8 watch for the entire crossing, seeing every sunset and sunrise. The last day at sunrise I was on the helm watching for the first sighting of the California shoreline. I lost my bet giving shoreline credit to a bank of land based clouds. At one point, with the Golden Gate Bridge in sight and an awaiting pilot vessel between us and the bridge, I had just given a 10° left to the helm when the power went out. I had been using electric steering as it made life simple and easy but now had no control of the rudder.

Off to our port side was a pile of rocks awash in a light sea. We began to close the gap with the rocks, missing them but continuing on what eventually was a 540° turn around the clock and then some. The Captain became furious when he realized I could do nothing to control the vessel. Using the voice tube to the engine room he called down orders to switch the steering over to manual. They were unable to comply with no power available to them. Nothing came of this failure to fill the day tank. We sailed majestically under the Golden Gate Bridge and by late afternoon secured alongside the docks in Oakland, California, 28 days after leaving Japan.



Heading into San Francisco under the Golden Gate Bridge, the end of 28 days at sea.

As it turned out our trip became a cross between *The Caine Mutiny* and *Mr Roberts*. Before leaving Japan I presented the captain with a list of reasons why we were not prepared to cross the ocean, along with the names of over half the crew. His response was to inform me that I was leading a mutiny, that I had 24 hours to present my case to the Inspector General. Without that authority he was planning our departure the next morning. Needless to say the IG was not available to me. I told a chaplain who patted me on the back saying all will be all right, which, in fact, it was.

After reading the Commentary page of the October *MAIB*, I reflected on how did the pandemic affect my household. I have been retired for several years and am accustomed to being home alone during the day. When my wife left work because of susceptibility to the virus and was here all day every day there were some adjustments that we had to make, but largely it was a smooth transition. She has since officially retired but other than that milestone in our lives the pandemic hasn't changed our day to day activities to a great extent.

This being retired is a two edged sword. It's a help in that we're both now out of the mainstream and can pretty much avoid situations that may prove hazardous. On the other hand, being retired also equates to being a senior which of itself presents obstacles never encountered in my younger years. Not being as nimble as I once was has precluded any small boat sailing because of balance issues. Rowing is still an enjoyable activity although not done with any frequency anymore. Not living on a body of water and the trailering to the ramp, unloading, rowing for an hour or two then loading up and reversing all the preparations, cleaning the boat, putting gear away, etc, becomes a nuisance (I suspect some laziness factors into this at some point).

What has captured my interest the most in these past several years encompasses most of the essence of *MAIB*, although on a much smaller scale. I have built models of planes, cars and boats as long as I can remember but the models were all static. I have only in the last eight to ten years been involved with the radio control aspect of the hobby and have fallen in with a bunch of like minded generally

Down East Modelers

By TimMayer

older retired folks in the Downeast Ship Modeling Guild located in the midcoast of Maine.

These are true artists who spend weeks and months researching before they start construction, there are kit builders who add details that were not even mentioned in the instructions and a few scratch builders who build their own versions of whatever subjects they desire. These models mostly run with electric motors but there are live steam propulsion and IC engines as well.

These are not the RTRs (Ready To Run) that are mainly disposable go fast boats that can be purchased in a big box store, but are creations from their own benches that are researched, drawn and built with the same attention to detail that a given scale will allow. These ships and boats encompass the disciplines of the building, designing the electronic control systems, the main power

plant, the wiring and a host of auxiliary components including sound, smoke, lights and animation. Once completed (but more often even before), the models are launched and proven to operate as they should before all the details are added.

These ships come in all shapes and sizes from an HO scale 1/2lb 12" build, to 7'8" 100+lb ships that take years to construct. I mentioned earlier that being a "senior" has its limitations and so it is with the larger models as well. Since launching a 55" tugboat that weighs close to 50lbs is beyond what I'm capable of accomplishing without summarily following it over the side, one has to devise a plan to launch and retrieve the model which also provides an exercise for the mind.

Building a model of any type is usually a solitary endeavor which fits well with pandemic protocols but can still be very satisfying. In the modeling world the complexity can be as simple as a skiff or as complicated as a warship, but from the first two pieces joined together to the launching and operating, the rewards are as real as if they were full sized and offer very much the same challenges.

Regardless of the size, we're still Messing About in Boats.



Honolulu, Hawaii

Coast Guard and Ocean Safety crews rescued three mariners from an overturned vessel off the south of Oahu. Air Station Barbers Point MH-65 Dolphin helicopter and Ocean Safety Jet Ski crews rescued the three mariners.

Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a call from a 13-year-old female reporting her 60-year-old uncle's and 84-year-old grandfather's 13' Boston Whaler had overturned approximately a half mile south of the Honolulu Airport reef runway.

"Even the most seasoned mariners can find themselves in trouble when out in the ocean," said Petty Officer 1st Class James Shaw, a Sector Honolulu watchstander. "The decisive action displayed by the 13-year-old heroine saved her and her family."

Coordinating with Ocean Safety, assets were launched to conduct searches of the area including two Dolphin helicopter aircrews and a Coast Guard Station Honolulu 29' Response Boat-Small crew. The Dolphin crew arrived on scene and hoisted the grandfather while a Jet Ski crew recovered the 13-year-old and her uncle. The weather on scene was winds of 5mph and seas up to 3'.

New York, New York

The Coast Guard rescued three boaters from a disabled recreational boat caught in rough seas off of Fire Island, New York. Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound watchstanders received a notification from Sea Tow of Great South Bay of a disabled 23' recreational boat with three people on board off of Fire Island, New York. A Coast Guard Station Fire Island 45' Response Boat-Medium boatcrew and a Suffolk County Police Department Marine Bureau crew launched to assist.

Once on scene, the Station Fire Island boatcrew, as well as a two person land team, evaluated the scene and determined that neither a water nor land based rescue was feasible due to hazardous weather and surf conditions. A Coast Guard Air Station Atlantic City MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew was then launched to assist.

The Dolphin crew arrived on scene and hoisted the boaters, who were wearing life-jackets, onboard and brought them to safety at Station Fire Island. The vessel remained at anchor and will be retrieved as soon as the weather allows.

"What started out in the early morning as a beautiful day for fishing offshore, very quickly deteriorated into hazardous weather conditions," said Cmdr Valerie Boyd, Response Chief at Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound. "The seamless coordination by the command center, outstanding judgement and risk management demonstrated by the Station Fire Island crew, coupled with the fast response and expert technical ability of the MH-65 crew, prevented a dangerous situation from worsening and likely saved the lives of the persons on board the distressed vessel."

Involved in the rescue were Coast Guard Station Fire Island 45' Response Boat-Medium boatcrew, Air Station Atlantic City MH-65 Dolphin aircrew, Suffolk County PD Marine Bureau, CG Auxiliary Aircraft.



Our Coast Guard in Action



Miami, Florida

The Coast Guard and Everglades National Park Service crews rescued an overdue kayaker Monday in White Water Bay, Everglades. Everglades National Park Service officers called Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders requesting assistance to help locate an overdue kayaker who departed Hell's Bay and was scheduled to return Saturday.

A Coast Guard Air Station HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew diverted and located the missing person. The aircrew dropped him food, water and a radio. The kayaker confirmed he was the missing person and was lost for two days. Everglades National Park Service officers arrived on scene and rescued the kayaker. He was brought to awaiting emergency medical services for evaluation.

"Due to the kayaker filing a float plan, telling someone where he was going and when he was supposed to be back, we were able to find him," said Petty Officer 1st Class Jeffrey Swope, watchstander at Sector Key West. "And because of the swift communication between our watchstanders and the Everglades National Park Service, we were able to get an aircrew in the area, find the missing kayaker and establish communications with him before the situation worsened."

New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard rescued three boaters and three dogs from a 40' shrimp boat taking on water near Pascagoula, Mississippi. Coast Guard Sector Mobile watchstanders received a radio call via VHF Channel 16 from Coast Guard Cutter *Jacob Poroo* report-

ing a person in the water holding on to a life ring in the Pascagoula Ship Channel.

The *Jacob Poroo's* 26' Over the Horizon-IV crew and a Station Pascagoula 29' Response Boat-Small launched to assist. The cutter boatcrew arrived on scene first and recovered all three people and all three dogs. Two of the people were found holding onto a life ring and the third person was found separated from the group and holding onto a floating board. None of them were wearing life jackets.

The boaters were transported safely to Station Pascagoula where first responders were waiting. Two boaters reportedly suffered from minor injuries and one reportedly suffered from mild hyperthermia.

"We want to remind those planning to spend time on the waterways to be prepared for the unexpected," said Ensign Amy Harrison, a watchstander at Coast Guard Sector Mobile. "We urge all mariners to wear life jackets as they significantly increase chances of survival while on the water. Also, have a float plan and the ability to communicate with a VHF Radio."

Wilmington, North Carolina

The Coast Guard rescued two mariners from their overturned vessel approximately three miles east of Onslow. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina received notification from Onslow County 911 that two people were in the water after their vessel capsized. Watchstanders launched a boatcrew on a 45' Response Boat-Medium from Station Emerald Isle while Onslow County launched the North Topsail Fire Department and Camp Lejeune Fire and Rescue.

Once on scene, the Coast Guard boatcrew found the two mariners on top of the hull of their 17' Wellcraft vessel. They brought them on board and took them back to the station.

"The water can be an unpredictable place so it is important to be prepared for the unexpected," said Petty Officer First Class Christopher Jackson, watchstander at Sector North Carolina Command Center. "Because these mariners had a way of communicating that they were in trouble, we were able to get on scene quickly and assist them safely back to shore before their situation could deteriorate any further. We strongly encourage all boaters to have a plan for reaching out for help, whether that is with an emergency locating beacon, radio or otherwise so we are able to assist as quickly and efficiently as possible should the need arise."

Eureka, California

The Coast Guard rescued two people aboard a disabled vessel approximately 11 miles southwest of Petrolia. Crewmembers aboard the pleasure craft *Wooden Mistress*, a 52' motor vessel, contacted Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay command center watchstanders via VHF radio channel 16, reporting their vessel was disabled.

Watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Station Humboldt Bay 47' Motor Lifeboat crew. The boat crew arrived on scene and put the *Wooden Mistress* in a stern tow enroute to Eureka. During the tow the *Wooden Mistress* began taking on water. The MLB crew transferred two crewmembers and a dewatering pump to the vessel. The flooding rate continued to increase during the dewatering of the vessel.

The MLB crew cancelled the tow and

rescued the *Wooden Mistress* crew members before the vessel sank approximately 28 miles south of Eureka. The Coast Guard crew took the *Wooden Mistress* crew back to Humboldt Bay.

San Francisco, California

The Coast Guard and several good Samaritans rescued three people aboard a disabled sailboat that was found Friday approximately 75 miles southwest of Gualala Point. Crewmembers aboard the *CMA CGA Aquila*, a 1190' motor vessel, contacted Coast Guard Sector San Francisco command center watchstanders via VHF radio Channel 16 reporting three people aboard the *Sirus*, a 33' sailboat, that was found disabled.

The *CMA CGA Aquila* crew reported a member aboard the *Sirus* had suffered a minor head injury and the vessel had damage to its sails, engine and steering components. The *Sirus* crew said that they had been out to sea for 13 days on their route from Coos Bay, Oregon, to San Diego and were low on food and water.

Coast Guard watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and diverted the crew aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Tern*, an 87' patrol boat homeported in San Francisco, from Santa Cruz. Several good Samaritans responded to the urgent marine information broadcast offering assistance to the *Sirus*. The crew aboard the *Seanna*, a 195' yacht, reported they were approximately 30 miles away and diverted course toward the *Sirus*. The crew aboard the *Polar Enterprise* reported they were approximately 75 miles away and diverted course toward the *Sirus*.

The *CMA CGA Aquila* crew transferred food and water to the *Sirus* and remained on scene with the *Sirus* until the *Seanna* arrived on scene and transferred a VHF radio, flares, food and water. The *Seanna* crew then remained on scene until the *Polar Enterprise* arrived. The *Polar Enterprise* crew arrived on scene and remained on scene until the Coast Guard crew aboard *Tern* arrived.

The *Tern* crew arrived on scene and put the *Sirus* in a stern tow enroute to Bodega Bay. During the transit, the *Tern* crew reported hazardous sea conditions and Coast Guard watchstanders recommended diverting course toward the San Francisco Bay to provide a safer ride in the sea state. The *Tern* crew met a Coast Guard Station Golden Gate 47' Motor Life Boat crew in the vicinity of the Golden Gate Bridge and transferred the tow. The MLB crew completed the tow and safely moored the vessel in Sausalito.

"These folks are lucky to be alive," said Capt Howard Wright, the deputy commander of Coast Guard Sector San Francisco. "This happy outcome was the result of tremendous cooperation between the Coast Guard, private companies and vessels. I especially want to thank the crews, agents and owners of the *CMA CGA Aquila*, *Seanna* and *Polar Enterprise* for selflessly safeguarding the lives onboard the *Sirus* until Coast Guard crews arrived. This case highlights the vital importance of being properly equipped when starting a voyage and creating a float plan to ensure the Coast Guard is notified if the voyage does not go as planned."



Warrenton, Oregon

The Coast Guard rescued a man from the water off Rocky Creek State Park near Depoe Bay who reportedly suffered minor lacerations and mild hypothermia. A nearby ranger from the US Forrest Service saw the distressed man in the water and quickly alerted watchstanders at Coast Guard Station Depoe Bay. A 47' Motor Lifeboat crew immediately launched to rescue the man from danger.

The MLB crew arrived on scene in less than ten minutes, threw a lifeline to the man in the water and safely pulled him aboard the rescue boat. The MLB crew provided initial first aid and worked to warm the man while transiting back to the Coast Guard station.

"The quick notification by the park ranger to alert us to the person in distress helped ensure an extremely rapid response," said Chief Petty Officer Ryan Clendenen, the officer in charge at Station Depoe Bay. "It was an incredibly fast and smooth rescue. Everyone here holds a strong bias for action and that teamwork is what help get this man out of danger in less than 20 minutes."



Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard rescued six mariners from a disabled 24' recreational vessel one-and-a-half miles off Manele Harbor. Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a call from a good Samaritan relaying a distress call they heard over VHF Channel 16 from a disabled vessel. The watchstanders made contact with the vessel and discovered the craft was having engine issues and losing battery power. Sector Honolulu watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast notice to mariners and launched the RB-M crew to assist.

Once on scene, the RB-M crew transferred four of the mariners after completing COVID-19 precautions and put the vessel in tow bringing it safely to Station Maui. The weather on scene was 15mph winds and seas up to 1'.

Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard found two overdue kayakers off Punalu'u Beach. An Air Station Barbers Point C-130 Hercules aircrew located the kayakers and air dropped a message block to make contact. The kayakers confirmed they did not need Coast Guard assistance and were not in any distress.

Coast Guard Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a report from a good Samaritan stating she saw the kayakers depart earlier in the day and had not returned though it was sunset.

Upon notification, the watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast notice to mariners asking the public to keep a sharp lookout for signs of distress and diverted the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Kittiwake* (WPB 87316) in response. An Air Station Barbers Point MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew was launched to assist with the search.

"We are grateful to the good Samaritan who notified us," said Petty Officer 2nd Class Austin Shaw, a Sector Honolulu Command Center watchstander. "When the good Samaritan heard the distress call over the radio they immediately called us allowing for a quick response. Their actions show how anyone can play a part when it comes to safety on the water." The weather on scene was winds of 5mph and seas up to 3'.



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A Marvelous Mystery In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

By John Conway

Part 5: Of the Cast Iron Breeze and Lost and Foundries

“What could possibly go wrong?” We ended last month’s installment poised to fire up the boat’s antique Diesel engine. Having repaired or replaced the starter, alternator, water pump and hoses on the “cast iron breeze,” all that remained now was to prime and bleed the engine’s fuel system and crank her over.

As anyone who owns a Diesel knows, the machine is basically a complicated plumbing system. Ignition is accomplished without the need for distributors, coils and spark plugs, the heat generated by the pistons compressing air in the cylinders coupled with the precise timing of fuel injection does the trick.

The bugaboo of a Diesel lies in removing air from the fuel system, otherwise the injection process becomes air bound, starved for fuel and unable to operate. *Marvel’s* engine’s operating manual identified eight air bleed points in the chain from fuel tank to injectors. This included the main fuel filter, the manually operated fuel priming pump, the secondary, engine mounted fuel filter, three bleeder screws on the fuel injection pump and the connecting nuts on the two injector lines themselves. Each of these needed to be bled in sequence starting with the main fuel filter.

To serve as a supply, I opted to fill a 2.5gal fuel container with Diesel fuel. I did this to avoid having to fill the boat’s fuel tank with Diesel fuel that might just sit there all winter long. I disconnected the fuel hose from the fuel tank and inserted it into the container.

The bleeding process, though tedious, went smoothly. The manual priming pump on the engine effectively (after 15 minutes of pumping) drew fuel from the container and filled the filters and the first chamber of the injection pump. The manual said that this initial phase of the bleed cycle would be completed once bubble free fuel gurgled from the first loosened bleed screw on the injection pump. It did. The next phase would require me to crank the engine until fuel leaked from both the remaining bleed screws and the loosened injector lines.

In order to crank the engine while fussing with these last “bleeders,” I removed the engine’s starter switch from the gauge panel and built a bracket so that I could activate the starter remotely. (Figure 1)

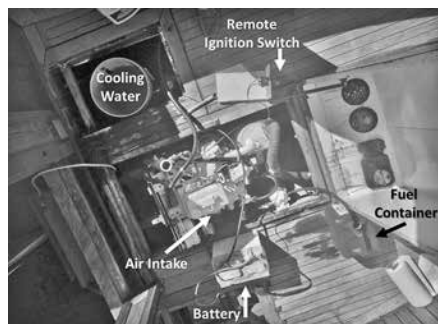


Figure 1: Battery, fuel, cooling water, open air intake and ignition switch at the ready.



With the starter battery connected (and prayer offered) I turned the switch. After a minute or so of cranking fuel began to squirt from all bleed points. Eureka! I quickly tightened all. The engine’s fuel system was now, in theory, air free.

Confidence boosted, it was time to see if the old thing would actually start. I had removed the air intake filter/silencer to allow the intake manifold to gulp as much air as possible. Experience with pesky marine Diesel air intakes in my past had suggested this course of action. All that remained now was to turn the key. (Ha!) Sadly, about 15 minutes of ON and OFF cranking failed. The beast would just not start.

“Damn.” I wracked my brain as to what could be wrong. I pulled the injector supply lines off the injectors once again and turned the engine over. Copious amounts of fuel shot out. So it seemed as if the injection pump was doing its thing. This was a big relief as a failed fuel pump could have led to costly repairs, or worse, a replacement (at some astronomical price no doubt). Not having to remove and reinstall the pump also meant that I could avoid the dreaded timing issue that besets this Volvo-Penta MD7A engine.

Diesel engines of this vintage rely on the mechanical timing of the fuel injection pump. When installing a repaired or new pump you need to align the drive gears on the pump with their mating gears in the engine at precisely the right location. From experience I have learned that a mismatch by as much as a gear tooth or two would thwart injection timing and prevent the engine from running well or at all. To time the pump on an MD7A I need to rotate the flywheel until the intake and exhaust valves on cylinder number one close. I then must align timing marks on the pump and the engine gearing.

Curiously, nowhere in this engine’s operating or maintenance manuals does it state which of the two cylinders is cylinder #1. Further, the timing marks are somewhat obscure. Dozens of internet posts regarding this engine complain of this problem and advise NEVER to remove the fuel pump unless absolutely necessary. Looks like I did not have to.

What was wrong? With fuel feeding the injectors and nothing happening I reasoned that the problem must lie with the injectors themselves. Removing them confirmed this

suspicion. The injectors’ nozzles (aka “tips”) were rusted and jammed, i.e., fuel was not being sprayed into the cylinders’ combustion chambers. Those interested in Diesel injector tech should watch a great YouTube video on the subject. Here’s the link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sqZtyzBvKgo>.

New nozzles cost about \$50 apiece. So, cheap Yankee that I am, I decided to see if I could salvage what I had. A good soak in fuel injector cleaner accompanied by a scrub with cleaner soaked steel wool and multiple blasts of compressed air made them look like new and hopefully brought them back to life. There was only one way to tell. So back into the engine they went.

Using the same setup as shown in Figure 1, I set the throttle to full, made sure that the fuel stop was in the open position, said a silent prayer once more and turned the key. The engine cranked, sputtered a bit, tried to start but did not. BLAST!

As an old Navy friend once said, when all else fails with a Diesel “use ether,” aka starting fluid. (Figure 2) He often claimed, “It’s the Diesel mechanic’s tool kit in a can.”



Figure 2: A “Diesel mechanic’s best friend.” This magic stuff reawakened the antique Diesel.

I can hear some diehard gearheads out there probably screaming bloody murder. True! Used indiscriminately, starting fluid can blow an engine apart. But I was desperate and I would only use a tiny shot of spray.

With the can of fluid in my left hand, ignition switch in my right, I aimed the spray at the air intake, turned the key and squirted a shot. “Sweet Mother of Mercy,” the darn thing started. Not only that, it quickly ramped up to full speed. I raced to the throttle and slowed the beast to about 100rpm. Damn! It worked.

But would it restart without starting fluid? Only one way to tell that as well. After running it for a few minutes I moved the fuel stop to OFF and let the engine cool a bit.

Fuel stop set to RUN, I hit the ignition switch once more. After a few seconds of cranking the beast fired up again. Those interested can view this on YouTube at the following link: <https://youtu.be/OLIA06Y8bPo>.

It looked like I had just eliminated either a huge repair bill or the expense of having to purchase a new engine at \$15,000 to \$20,000 or so. There is a God.

Lost and Foundry

Those following this tale may recall Figure 3 and the story behind it.



Figure 3: A rare, original Herbert F. Crosby builder's plaque was used to create a reproduction.

In a nutshell, somewhere along the boat's timeline her Herbert F. Crosby builder's plaque had been lost or stolen. Catboat Associate member Bob Jones, owner of the Eastern Shore, Maryland based Herb Crosby catboat *Patience* (ca 1895) generously lent us his HFC relic so that we could have reproductions made.

A south coast Massachusetts foundry hobbyist (who wishes to remain nameless) volunteered to fabricate the reproduction as a donation to the *Marvel* Restoration Fund. To accurately reproduce the plaque's fine detail he decided to use the time honored sand casting method. The process dates to a time before the pyramids and was fascinating to watch.



Figure 4a

The first step involved mounting the original plaque on the removable base of a wooden frame known in the trade as a casting flask. (Figure 4a)



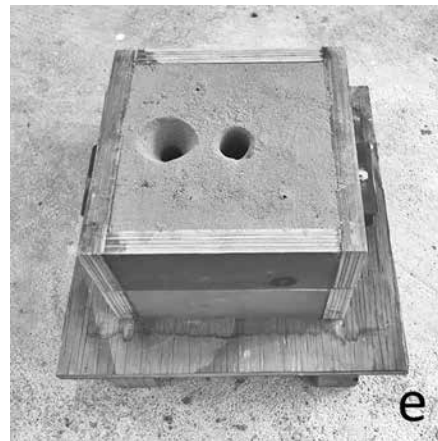
The flask was then filled with a sand/clay casting mix and the mix was then pounded into the flask (Figure 4b)



The flask was then tipped over. Pour forms were inserted and the bottom half of the assembly was filled with the pounded sand/clay mix. (Figure 4c)



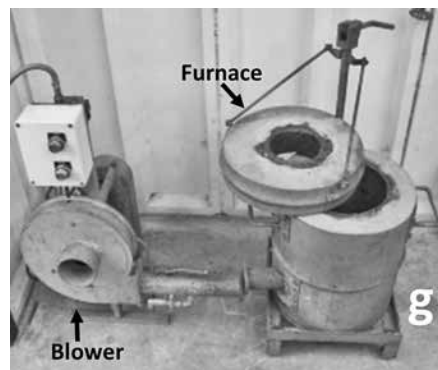
The two halves of the flask were then separated and the original plaque carefully removed. This revealed the impression of the original plaque which would serve as the casting mold (Figure 4d)



The flask was then reassembled and inverted with the pour holes on top. (Figure 4e)

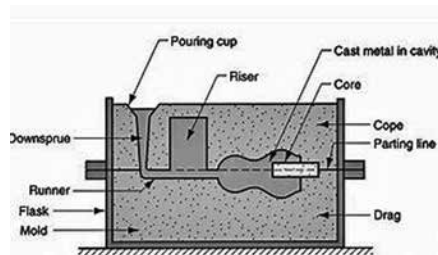


An appropriate crucible was selected (Figure 4f), loaded with bronze ingots.



All was now ready for the process that would melt the metal. The blast furnace was fired up. (Figure 4g) The crucible inserted and the wait began. The metal was ready to pour once it reaches a temperature of 1,800°F.

My foundry friend asked me to step behind a glass blast shield during the pour. He explained that the molten metal occasionally sputters and splashes when entering the casting and that getting hit with a glob of that could ruin my day. "Not a problem." I agreed.





In position I watched as the liquid bronze dripped from the crucible into the mold. (Figure 4h)



After about four hours of cooling the reproduction was ready to be liberated from the flask. Using a special tool, my friend knocked away the sand/clay mix to reveal the reproduced plaque. (Figure 4i)



As shown in Figure 4j, the process worked. A perfect reproduction had been produced.



As shown in Figure 4l, we now needed to remove the excess metal and perform a bit of machining and polishing.



While we had the process all set up we decided to reproduce an additional number of plaques. (Figure 4k)



The end result, a perfect reproduction of the Herbert F. Crosby builder's plaque ready to install aboard *Marvel* in acknowledgement of her remarkable heritage. (Figure 4m)

The reproduction process proved so successful that we have decided to tempt the fates with another casting project. As shown in Figure 6a, a typical mainsheet cleat follows a pattern established for cleats hundreds of years ago. Somewhere on the catboat timeline a variation on the theme (Figure 6b) emerged.



Figure 6: A catboat's aft cleat (b) allows skippers to quickly lock and release the main sheet.

The gap in the cleat makes all the difference as it permits the skipper to wrap the sheet in a manner that locks it in place yet allows for a quick release. This was especially important when retrieving a fishing trawl or lobster pot single handed. The captain could point the boat into the wind, set the sheet, retrieve the trawl or pot, quickly release the sheet and head off and move on. Virtually all of these cleats were fashioned from white oak or ironwood, rarely in bronze. Somewhere in his travels former Catboat Association President Bob Luckraft came across this rare bird. He has graciously loaned it to the cause and a reproduction will be created sometime over the winter. In a future installment, and once the cleat is mounted on *Marvel*, we will demonstrate how this clever piece of hardware works its magic.

Back from the Beyond

Our Track One top down provenance tracing process took a few interesting turns just as we came up against the deadline for this installment. *MAIB* editor Bob Hicks received and forwarded an email from one of *Marvel/Sunnyside's* previous owners,



Of the four plaques produced, besides that aboard *Marvel*, two would find homes on other Herbert F. Crosby catboats (*Genevieve* and *Grayling*) and one would be presented to the Osterville Historical Museum as a donation to their collection. The buildings of the museum are, in fact, the original workshops of H.F. Crosby himself. They were moved from their original waterfront location some years ago and now grace downtown Osterville, Massachusetts. (Figure 5)

the “late” Jeff Megerdichian. LATE? As in deceased? Well, we had been told so.

Past readers will recall that Jeff and his sailmate Hoda Kaplan owned and sailed the boat from Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York (not Greenport as previously reported), for about ten years beginning in 1995. Turns out, rumors of his passing were, as the saying goes, “greatly exaggerated.”

I quickly opened a correspondence channel with Jeff and he has begun to fill in the blanks in his and Hoda’s adventures. Jeff wrote:

“Dear John: I’m glad to see that *Sunnyside* is being restored. We were babes in the woods as far as maintaining an old wooden boat goes but with time and effort we kept her sailing for ten years. After Hoda died in 2002 I went on for another six years. At that point she needed some rebuilding. The work I did might have been adequate if I had kept the boat, and if it was not a classic. I would like to know what you think.

I refastened the forward part of the hull. Those are the new bronze screws. I had my own “not for purists” method. I removed any old screws with Unscrow-Ums. These are short tubes with teeth on the end. That leaves a hole slightly larger than the screw’s shank diameter. I put in a loose plug coated with structural epoxy, then put the new screw in without pilot drilling. I figure that the plug would expand and force the epoxy into the wood.

How did that turn out? (Turned out well, I told him.)

I made several other repairs (Author’s comments in CAPITALS):

Mast step. A patchwork job. Look at it if you haven’t already. **MAST STEP WAS REPLACED.**

Fore end of cockpit deck. It looks like that has already been replaced. **YES, IT HAD BEEN REPLACED.**

Replaced some planks aft. I can’t remember if I replaced any of the deck beams. **ADDITIONAL PLANKS AND DECK BEAMS HAD BEEN REPLACED.**

I should have beefed up the framing where the sheet horse goes through the deck but I cannot remember if I did that. **HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED, NOT SURE BY WHOM.**

Replaced some planks around the fuel fill. That was a disaster, let’s not talk about it. **REPLACED BY LAST OWNERS.**

Liverpool splices in the gaff bridle. The splices may have been too long to be practical. If they were sailing the boat, they may have replaced it. **GAFF BRIDLE REPLACED.**

Carved the *Sunnyside* name boards. Are they still on the boat? **SADLY HER QUARTERBOARDS ARE AMONG THE MISSING.**

Jeff continued, “Like I said, the repairs seemed to be adequate at the time. I would like to know what you think of them, especially the refastening job. **OVERALL, WELL DONE.**”

“She is a wonderful boat. Easy to sail, comfortable and **BEAUTIFUL.** Anybody who has her is lucky. We did not do a lot of sailing. We went up to Mystic twice and a few other trips. I took her up to Mystic myself when I had her. Anything else you want to know, just ask.”

Jeff and I will continue to correspond, and I will share his and Hoda’s adventures in future installments. As a first donation to the cause, Jeff was kind enough to send along a photo of he and Hoda aboard *Sunnyside*. (Figure 7) Thus begins the process of filling in yet another chapter in the history of this storied catboat.



Figure 7: Hoda and Jeff motoring out of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, aboard *Sunnyside*.

The second interesting turn from “Beyond” arrived in a photographic care package received from Kathryn Greene, the daughter of former owner Walter Krasniewicz and a continuing source of her family’s history with the boat. In the package Kathryn finally included a photo of herself aboard *Sunnyside* circa 1988. (Figure 8)



Figure 8: Kathryn Greene aboard *Sunnyside* circa 1988.

However, the package’s most fascinating content concerned a letter addressed to her father and mother sometime in 1988:

“Hi Buck and Kay, Just had the roll of film developed. A miracle happened, a halo around Bucky. A sign from up above, a Patron Saint of Cat Boats. Chet.”

The letter writer had taken a photo of Walter holding his Catboat Association Broad Axe Award As described in the letter, a lens flare off the plaque created a halo around the skipper. Was this a “sign from above?” Who are we to argue that Walter Krasniewicz may well be the Patron Saint of Catboats?

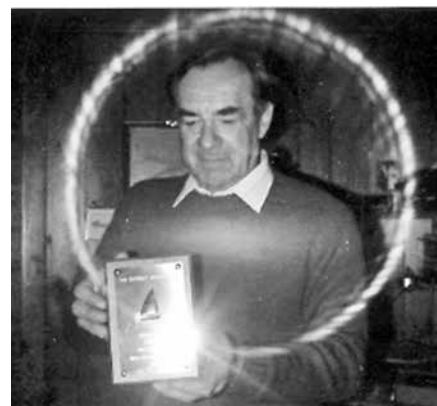


Figure 10: Walter Krasniewicz... the Patron Saint of Catboats.

Track 2 and Marvel Enter Winter Mode

The quest to determine whether or not *Sunnyside* is *Marvel* in disguise continues. The researchers discovered a photo of her builder’s plaque on the boat’s doghouse bulkhead (Figure 11) taken during her “resurrection” in the 1960s.



Figure 11: The discovery of an early photo pretty much confirms the boat’s original builder.

This pretty much confirms that she was a product of the Herbert F. Crosby boatyard. (as opposed to a Daniel and Charles Crosby boat as listed in a 1907 Quincy Yacht Club Yearbook). Catboat Association historians continue the hunt for records. That said, hearsay accounts collected thus far suggest that H.F. Crosby produced only one catboat with a skeg-mounted rudder between 1904 and 1907. If true, then we are indeed restoring the legendary *Marvel*. Research will continue over the winter months in an attempt to conclusively confirm the boats pedigree.

Physical restoration work will also continue during this period even though the boat will be stored under wraps. More on our preparations for winter and the restoration efforts planned in our next installment. (To be Continued)

(The author would greatly appreciate donations as small as \$1.00 to support the grassroots project restoring this historic catboat. These can be directly made to: <https://gogetfunding.com/marvel-an-his-toric-boat-restoration-project/>)





Frame Up

Essex Shipbuilding
Images from the Past

The Famous Essex Side Launch

By Bob Hicks - Facts and Photos from the Essex Shipbuilding Museum Archives

“Frame Up” suggests getting started on the building of yet another vessel in the 350 years of shipbuilding in Essex, Massachusetts. But the most dramatic moments for the over 4,000 ships built here over those years were the launchings. And amongst these was the famed “side launch” adopted to deal with the shallow water of the river and the short runout to the far side. The photo above shows just what the builders faced. Sending the ship down the ways leaned over on her bilge reduced her initial draft when she hit the water and by the time she rolled up she was in deeper water.

In 1668 land was set aside for shipbuilding adjacent to the A.D. Story Shipyard (now the site of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum). Here the shipbuilding industry began with the building of Chebacco boats used on the Essex River for fishing. By the late 1700s there were hundreds of Chebacco boats in Essex and nearby seafaring towns. As time passed boats grew in size and number. Luther Burnham reported in his journal (1846-1851) that “the shipbuilding industry so dominated Essex that it touched the lives of every one of its citizens and transformed the town into one large ‘shipbuilding factory’.” In 1851 as many as 60 vessels were launched from 15 shipyards and one out of every 28 ships sailing under an American flag was built in Essex.

“Back in the day” side launchings. Bottom left view suggests possible difficulties?





Contemporary side launchings, across the top, *Ardelle*, across the bottom, *Fame*.

The wooden shipbuilding industry continued well into the 20th century before fading away by WWII until Harold A. Burnham, the 28th Burnham since 1819 to operate a shipyard in Essex, began building sawn frame vessels in the historic Essex shipbuilding tradition in 1996. Now a master shipwright, Harold built and launched the schooner *Thomas E. Lannon*, Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story*, schooner *Fame*, schooner *Isabella* and schooner *Ardelle* into the Essex River from his historic shipyard across the creek from the Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

For a vivid viewing of the latter occasion, google Essex Shipbuilding History, go to the second item, Essex, Massachusetts History/Shipbuilding, Clamming, Agriculture... and click on the video to see the traditional Essex side launch of the *Ardelle* at high tide on July 9, 2011. Ship launches always attracted townspeople and visitors to watch and wait in anticipation as the vessel leans and slides down greased rails into the Essex River. The huge crowd gathered on this occasion was not disappointed.

The Shipbuilding Museum's flagship *Lewis H. Story* was Harold's first attempt to bring back this unique launching technique. At 30' she really didn't need it for a successful launch but Harold was determined to try. I was there to record the occasion and when Harold, knocking out the last chocks holding her back, saw me looking on, he grinned and said, "Well, here goes nothing!" Well it was much more than "nothing," the launch went off flawlessly and the *Story* serenely swept across the river to come to rest dockside at Harold's shipyard on the far side of the creek.

In the assembled multitude sat Dana Story, son of the prolific schooner builder Arthur B. Story, upon whose former shipyard site this was all happening. Dana ran the shipyard in the fading years of wooden shipbuilding and has chronicled the history of Essex shipbuilding for posterity. In response to my remark that this had been quite an impressive achievement for Harold, he replied, "I never dared to try it."

(Books by Dana Story: *Building the Blackfish*, *Growing Up in a Shipyard*, *The Building of a Wooden Ship*, *Sawn Frames and Trunnel Fastened*, *Frame Up! A Story of Essex, Its Shipyards and Its People*)

And Then, of Course, There Were the Conventional Launchings

The side launch was used when the draft of the vessel or the available runout threatened a potential grounding out or a stern stuck in the far shore. Conventional launchings ruled otherwise and they were also exciting moments in a hard working town, with familiarity bringing less concern for spectacular mishaps. Stories of 120' schooners with their sterns embedded in the far shore's muddy bankings have been told though. It was a tight little place here at the end of the navigable Essex River to build ships and the schooners for the Gloucester fishing fleet had to be towed to Gloucester afterwards for rigging out. Despite these seemingly serious shortcomings of the location, the industry had a long, long run from those early beginnings 350 years ago.



I read the book review of *Tugboats and Shipyards* about the Russell tugs in the October issue and felt the “sixth degree of separation” phenomenon. Several years ago a friend asked me if I would I build a model from an old kit for a third party. There were two major facets to this project that gave me pause. The first was this kit was a genuine antique in its own right, being a “Boucher” which are sought after by collectors. The kit was complete, in the original box and had nothing done to it other than looked through for completeness. The second hesitation was the model was designed for a static shelf dis-

About Those Russell Tugs

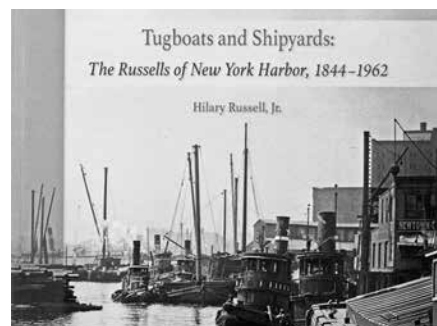
By Tim Mayer

play and the recipient had requested an RC tug from this particular kit.

I agreed and set about figuring out how to do this. When the construction had progressed to the point of applying color, I took a painting of a Russell tug I had been loaned to a local paint shop for the correct paint

shades because the House Colors of Russells weren't off the shelf black and red or white. They were a dark olive green and pumpkin orange for the deckhouse. These colors sound strange together but really are attractive.

As I was nearing the completion of the project my friend brought the owner by to check out the progress. That's when I met Walter Russell Jr. It turns out I was building this for Mac Russell, Walter's son. It was being built for Mac's birthday. With Mac now having his own tug it would appear the tradition is being passed on, only at a different scale.





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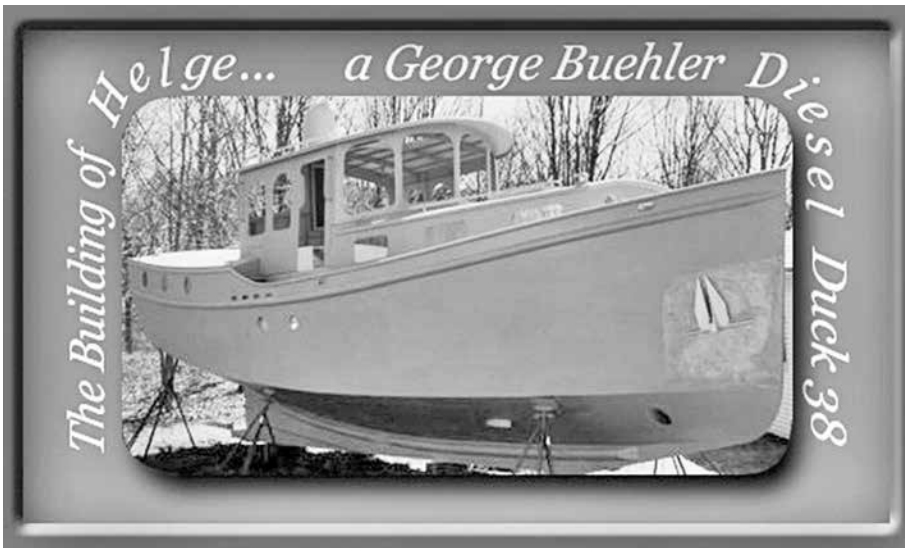
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The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 16

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



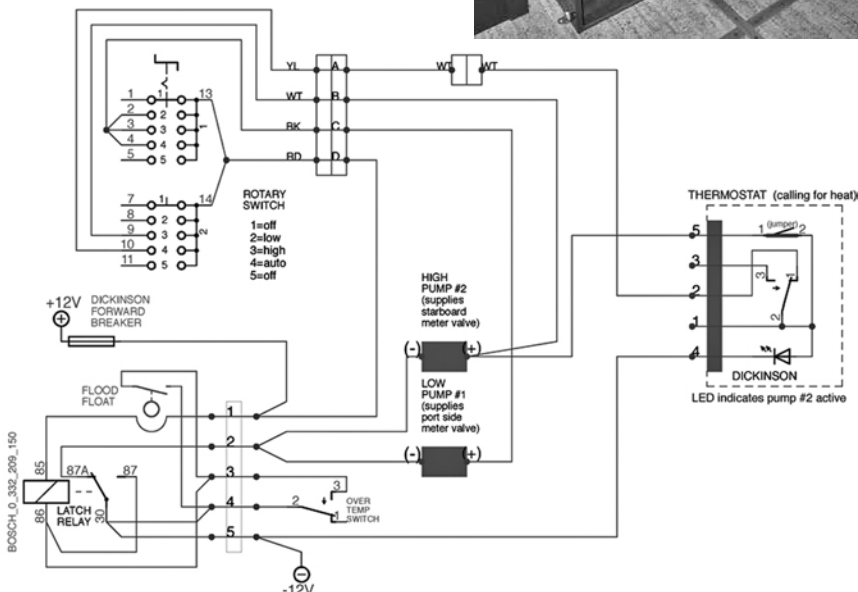
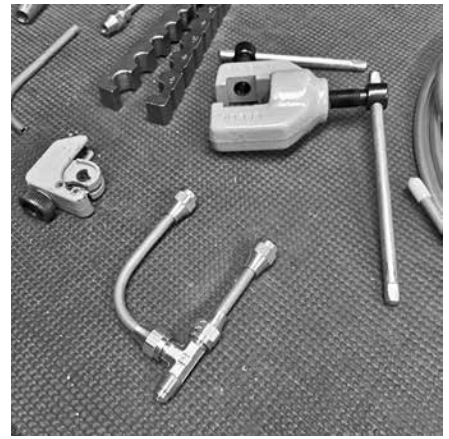
The Forward Dickensen Plumbing the Forward Stove

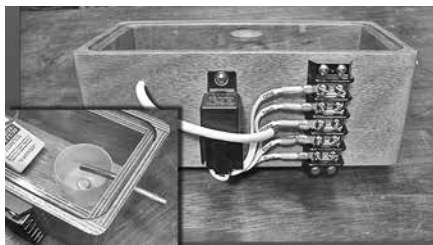
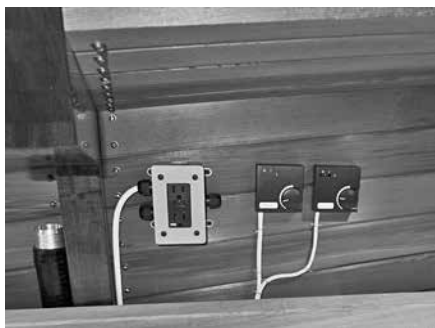
Helge's forward stove is made by Dickenson. They've been producing Diesel nautical stoves since 1932! Their stoves are very reliable and simple to use but they have a serious drawback that makes them difficult to manage when living aboard. The stoves are not thermostatically controlled which forces one to constantly adjust the heat output to maintain a fixed temperature. To circumvent this problem we've installed a second fuel metering valve that runs parallel with the original. The secondary valve and pump run through a thermostat and manual control switch.

The main valve is permanently adjusted to low while the secondary valve is adjusted to high (when added to the main). The stove maintains a constant temperature within 2°F by cycling the secondary valve pump. The stove mounted control switch has five positions, off, low, high, auto and off.

When roasting food the oven's temperature is manipulated by cracking open the oven door via its two position handle.

Because the stove can now run unattended, we have installed a flooding/overflow shutdown box and a cabin over temperature switch. A latching relay shuts down the stove and resets by cycling the main breaker.



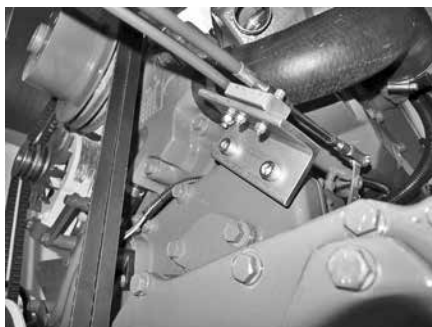


Dickenson metering valves overflow a small amount of fuel when they are rapidly filled. Because our secondary valve experiences a rapid fill with each thermostat cycle we installed a dribble cup to catch the overflow. One month of cycling produces one teaspoon of fuel.



The John Deere Controls Single Lever, Less Confusion

Helge's John Deere 4039D uses a single lever Morse control. We fabricated cable mounting brackets from stainless steel angle stock. The unconventional forward entry transmission bracket (set with a locating pin) shortens the cable length and simplifies the routing. For cold start warm up or extra bow thruster push, one pulls the control lever laterally to engage the throttle without shifting the transmission. The spring driven injection pump lever allows the control cable to over-extend at both stops, Marek.



The Future Beckons...



We upgraded the Morse plastic ends with aftermarket metal fittings.



There was a story in *Messing About in Boats* (Bob, the man behind it all is another good friend I've never met) a while back. It was written by a guy known by many as Washington Dan Rogers from AlmostCanada. After having lived for years in southern Cal, Dan upped and moved to northeastern Washington State where they drain the lakes to keep them from freezing in the winter or something like that. Dan is a boating fanatic but with a season of only three weeks you'd think he'd be a boat builder. He is, pops them out like bunnies in heat. Sorry, back to the story.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

A Mini Tugboat Story Stay Away, Stay Away!

About ten years ago I hooked up with this group of small boat nuts who all showed up in a forgettable little fishing village down in the absolute corner of Texas. The gathering was scheduled for "the first full week of hurricane season." I towed my little 16' keelboat from San Diego across about 1,500 miles of desert. The plan was to launch our boats and sail the prevailing gale force winds through 200 miles of bayous, open fetch bays, oyster reefs, snakes, manta rays, mud and sunburn to have a fish boil under a cabana roof in another forgettable Texas town.

A bunch of 'em even brought little square boats made out of a sheet of plywood with sides, a mast made out of a 2"x4" and a sail made out of a Home Depot blue tarp. For some reason, when I start talking about going back "to Texas" my wife, Kate rolls her eyes and asks, "You're going to Texas...in June...for WHAT?" And I have a ready answer, "...it's where the cool kids are gonna be..."

So about a hundred boats showed up for this five day jaunt up past the King Ranch into places where "there ain't no rescue so don't bother trying to walk out if your boat sinks." This was, of course, back when the Texas 200 was just getting started. Since then it's gotten downright popular. Me? I don't even like what they do to fish and shellfish down they-ahhh but I do like goin' new places and telling about it later, if I survive. So.

Everybody was trying to launch their boats on a single one lane ramp. Things were getting pretty chaotic. Maybe I already mentioned it but I was once an Eagle Scout and never quite got over doing good deeds. There was this guy with Florida tags on a big ol' RV trying to back the cutest damn little tug-

A Really Neat Little Pocket Cruiser

By Dan Rogers



boat down that ramp and nobody was getting out of his way. I saw what was happening and walked over to his driver's door and asked him if he could use a hand. As this thing went along we got his tugboat launched and I got to run her across the turning basin to a moorage.

Just the coolest thing, that little tug. She was electric powered. All I had to do was use a little joy stick for the throttle and shift. Big, slow turning prop. Big rudder. I was in love! The guy showed up and came aboard. We were standing there in the cockpit, talking about things and realized that we were standing in ankle deep water. That little tugboat was sinking!

I ran her back to the ramp and we got her back on that custom built aluminum trailer.

And we started looking for the leak. Seemed like it was coming up the stern tube someplace. One of the guys who had showed up with one of those sheet of plywood with sides boats also came over. The three of us spent about the next two hours pumping every tube of uckumpuckee we could lay our hands on down that shaft alley trying to stop the leak. Back in the water, still sinking. Back out.

Finally the three of us were standing there in the tropical sun. We hadn't found the leak. The boat owner says, "I spent seven years building this boat. I just drove 2,000 miles from home to be here. I have a bilge pump. I'll be alright." This is a guy I had sorta known for a couple of hours. We'd been pretty focused on the emergency at hand. I doubt we had even exchanged last names. I looked him square in the eye.

"You can't go. You'll lose your boat."

"Naw. I'll be alright."

"No. You can't."

"Sh't, I...can't...go..." And no, he didn't go.

As it resulted, we had multiple disastings, lost rudders, capsize and even one Potter-15 destroyed on a rocky beach. But there is a little tugboat that lived to cruise another day. She still lives in a place called Bradenton. We stayed in touch for several years. I even met up with him at a giant messabout in Oklahoma a few years ago.

I must say I never forgot that little boat. I bet you wouldn't either. I thought I'd include an image of a sister ship I've cruised alongside in Coastal Oregon and Puget Sound in Washington. A really neat little pocket cruiser. I'll tell you more about the Can-Du-EZ tugs sometime.

This little tug is only 16' long and was named *Snail Mail*, powered by batteries and a big electric motor. Built by Gary Cull. I know all about the cute little thing because I once owned it. That happens a lot to me.

I first saw this boat years ago when I heard a loud horn and looked up to see this red boat. It didn't look tiny until I saw it from the side, then it was tiny.



I couldn't believe it when he turned, it's only 16' long. Hell, my shower is almost that big. It had great throttle response since it had a huge prop and instant power from its electric motor.

See, I told you, tiny. Here's Gary, the guy who made it. This is a stock boat built to plans that show a 14' boat he expanded it to a whopping 16'. He did an excellent job of it.



Looks good coming and going. Turns out Gary lives here in Bradenton, Florida, and stops by the shop now and then since this trip. He has been all over with this little boat, even to Sail Oklahoma once.



It's even cute inside.



However, it does have one giant problem, it has an electric motor and a bunch of batteries. The problem with electric boats is that they are useless, you can't reliably go anywhere in them and expect to get back unless you're just going next door to have a drink with friends. They don't have the range or speed to be useful and you'd never trust one to actually go anyplace. If you disagree with this fact just come down to the dock and I'll show you an electric boat and tell you to hop in and run over to Woodies to grab us some lunch, it's about six miles one way. No other information, You have to row back if it dies out. Would you do it? Hell no, you have no idea how long it'll last or how far you can really go even if it's fully charged. If I say to jump in *Lurlyne* and zip over there at 20mph would you do it? Sure, just look at the gas gauge and go.

So about five years later I was looking for a really good trailer and had been talking to Gary and he had moved and the boat was going to hell (like they all do if you don't use them). I offered him a good price for the trailer but the deal was that I had to take the boat also. I know, it still looks good in these pictures and it's easy to get tricked, more later.

I brought it home and called my friend Jay, who builds and races electric boats, to come get all of the electrics out of it, batteries and all. Twelve big six volt batteries and the motor put a real load on his car.



The plot thickens!!!

Along came Simon who had a bigger trailer I wanted so we traded this really great trailer for his, but wait for it, he had to take the boat also.



Now Simon could have (should have) taken the boat to the dump because it needed a major rebuild including the whole bottom, a motor mount build and rot fix and filling and painting all over. But being a boat guy, which automatically makes him a few cards short of a full deck, he decided he liked it enough to do the work and he did. Plus, Kristy his wife thought it was cute, it's all her fault.



Here he is, looks just like I described doesn't he, not wrapped too tight? He did enough to get the boat ready for the water, put a 20hp motor in the custom motor well he made, launched it and decided it wasn't what he really wanted after all. Plus I just happened to have his perfect boat just sitting out back in our boat graveyard on a trailer for a giveaway price. A sucker born every minute, too bad it's usually me.



And speak of the devil, along comes Lonnie (another boat guy not running on all cylinders). What a deal we have for you, Lonnie, and I have to admit this boat is so cute it will suck you in like a puppy. The deal is made and it follows him home. His wife Paula doesn't let him come over here anymore because he

always brings a boat home. A new paint job, a new name, more fixing up and here it is. More has been added since this picture.



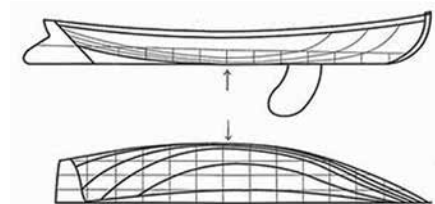
All of this because I wanted a trailer which I later gave away. All of these transactions were at about the original price of the trailer. If you are ever anywhere and see this cute little boat, Look Away, Look Away, or it may just follow you home.

A New Texas Melonseed Hits the Water

A guy in Texas has just finished one of our melonseeds. Buddy's been hearing me say how easy it is to do that he had to try. He did have a few questions, the same ones all of you ask, but after about 850 hours of work, here she is.



He went with a big cockpit and narrow decks, which I don't like 'cause I can't hot rod and heel way, way over but it sure looks good. He's sure to look back at this beauty and wonder how he did it, it's one step at a time. And when they ask him how hard it was he'll be just like me, it was really easy, anyone can do it. If you want to give it a try I'll send you the basic plans and you can figure out the rest yourself or ask him how to do it.



MYSTIC RIVER
BOATHOUSE

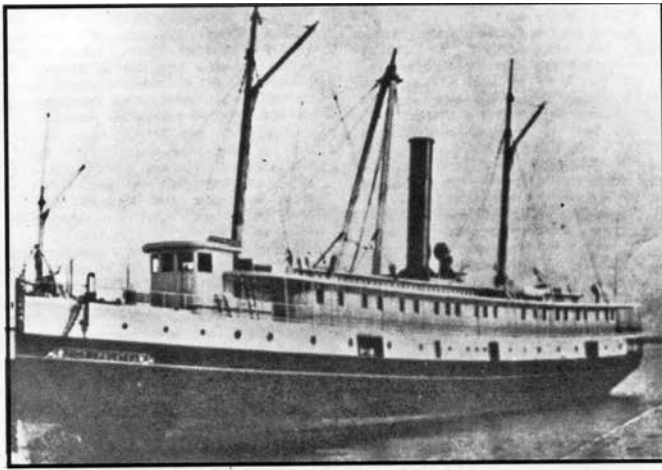
MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
PUFFIN DINGHIES
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THULE RACKS
SHAW & TENNEY OARS
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(860) 536-6930

Steamboat Era in Florida's Development

By Tim Earle

Reprinted from *The Smokestack*

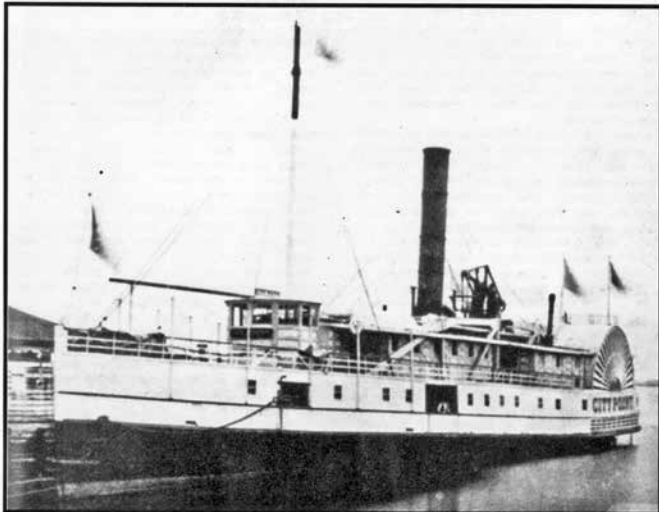
Journal of the North American Steam Boat Association



Steamer *City of Palatka* 1883 (early twin screw).

Our local newspaper (*Palatka Daily News*) runs a "Today in History" column that indicates the commerce traveling the St Johns River. A recent posting:

"Today in History: In 1845, two steamboats began regular trips from Palatka and Mellon (Sanford). Ice shipped as cargo cost \$1 a pound."



Typical St Johns River steamer, the sidewheel steamer, *City Point*, 204' length x 7' draft, built in Mystic, Connecticut, in 1864. Note the walking beam engine.



Tourism quickly followed the settlers and business ventures. The steam launch *Princess* took regular sight-seeing trips on Rice Creek and especially on the scenic Ocklawaha River.

Most people know the role Ponce de Leon had in the development of Florida, but few associate Robert Fulton as the next most influential person enabling transport of settlers, land speculators and tourists to Florida. Fulton's success with the steamboat preceded the impacts of Henry Flagler and of Willis Carrier on Florida.

Florida's developing history was much influenced by the technological advances of the transportation industry. Sail and steam (followed horseback) in preceding inter-connected lengths of AIA on our barrier islands, then US Hwy-1 on the peninsula, next Flagler's railroad and finally Interstates I-95 and I-75, all eventually bypassing St Augustine on their way toward Key West.

During the Steamboat Era of Florida, Palatka, on the St Johns River, was a major port.



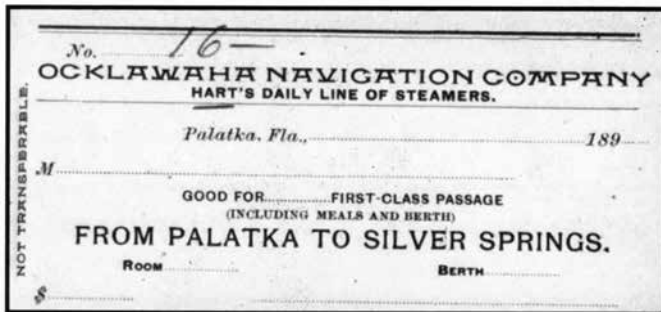
The winding, narrow Ocklawaha River quickly demanded changes in boat/engine configuration and operation. Note the bow pusher crewman with a stout, long pole to help maneuver around the river's curves. (Preceded modern powered bow thrusters!)



There were 19 named stops between Palatka and Silver Springs, though only several stops were near settlements. The remainder stops were all for firewood replenishment. It's hard to see in this photo, but a reflector pan is mounted on the pilothouse top in front of which a small fire would help light the river at night. Again, note the Bow Pusher Pole "at the ready."



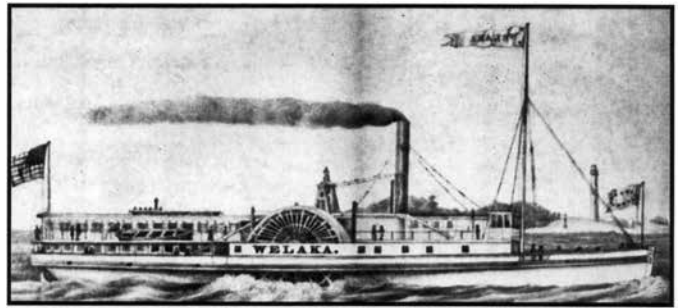
And side paddle wheelers quickly gave way to enclosed and tucked in stern paddle wheelers. Not only were the river bends too sharp a radius for side wheelers, but they were much more exposed to fallen logs and river debris.



Though cargo and passengers were the primary freight on the Ocklawaha River, a spectacular Florida natural resource provided an early popular tourist destination for tourists. Only an overnight river run from Palatka and eons before Disney World, there was Silver Springs (interestingly, the destination for the high school "Senior Trip" my wife and I enjoyed in 1962 and now a State Park).



The steamer *Okeehumkee* discharges to the Silver Springs Tourists Welcome building where, undoubtedly, baby alligator heads and other souvenirs were sold and tall tales were told and tickets to the Springs' attractions were hawked. Note the glass bottomed rowboats in the foreground. And also note the boatmen rowers waiting for customers.



At the north end of the Ocklawaha River is the St Johns River settlement of Welaka. (For which the riverboat *Welaka* is named, see sales advertisement.)



At the south end of the Ocklawaha River is Lake Griffin, part of the Harris Chain-of-Lakes where Bob Babcock hosts the present Spring Steamboat Meet.

I give a big "Thank You" to Larry Beaton, a real treasure to local Putnam County Historical Society efforts. Larry collects historical documents of all sorts, has relevant personal and family history and is familiar with the steamboat subject material such as in Edward Mueller's writings (and also used herein).



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I love small boats! I always have, ever since I was a kid. If you gave me a mega-rock star's money I would not buy a bigger boat, although I might buy some nice waterfront real estate to sail from. But even if you love the small boat you already have, you might like the looks of some of the others and be curious about them. (There's a reason they call boats "she.") The following are my notes from a life of noticing and sailing small boats. I am arbitrarily not considering anything longer than 20' or weighing over 2,000lbs or sailboats used only for class racing.

"Daysailer" can mean any sailboat that's not in a race or on an overnight cruise. It also means a specific 16'9" sloop designed by Uffa Fox which was mass produced in fiberglass by the O'Day company in Fall River, Massachusetts, and is still made today by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. I own one of these, a 1963 O'Day DaySailer. So from now on DaySailer will mean the boat designed by Uffa Fox and "daysailer" will mean a boat you sail for a few hours at a time. A pocket cruiser has a small cabin with berths for sleeping.

A major division in these boats is between those with centerboards and those with keels. You lose some versatility when you put a fixed ballasted keel on a sailboat. Keelboats are heavier, slower and more expensive than centerboard boats. You can't run them up on a beach and step out onto the sand which, for me, is part of the fun of sailing. You have to avoid shallow water. You need to tie up to a dock or use a tender to get to and from the shore. They may fit on a trailer but because of their draft and weight it's a chore to trailer sail them. However, they are safer in strong wind because they won't capsize. They have more room and a steady motion. Once a sailboat gets over 20' long, rail meat isn't enough to keep the boat upright.

Don't buy a new boat unless you have to. New boats are expensive compared to used ones which typically sell for 10-50% of the price of new. Any fiberglass boat can be restored to a "practically new" condition with a few weeks of work. All fiberglass boats end up in landfills eventually, so by purchasing a used one you reduce waste as well as save money. And the production boats designed years ago are at least as beautiful and functional as those being designed today. Some of the most popular small sailboats on earth were designed 50 or 60 years ago and have been made continuously for decades by more than one builder, the hull mold and production rights passing to a new company whenever the old company folds.

The Alcott Sunfish and other popular "wet" boats, the Sunfish and the Laser, have a lot in common. They are identical in length (13'9") and nearly identical in beam, draft, weight, sail area, price and popularity. Today they're even made by the same company, LaserPerformance, but that wasn't always so. The Sunfish was designed by Alcott, Inc and produced by Alcott for decades. With its colorful striped lateen sail, tiny footwell of a cockpit and flat fish shaped hull it didn't look anything like any other boat. The designers had previously built iceboats, then experimented with paddle boards. The Sunfish has won all kinds of design awards. It is the most produced fiberglass sailboat ever.

Daysailers, Pocket Cruisers, Sailboats 12-20'

By Michael Wing



The Laser is more of a performance boat. Even though it is wider than the Sunfish, its round bottomed hull and tall rig make it faster and tippier. Both boats have been produced in the hundreds of thousands. On both boats you are just inches off the water with little protection from getting splashed. They aren't for winter sailing. A third boat in the "wet and popular" category is the Hobie 16 catamaran. There's no cockpit, you sit on a fabric trampoline. Multihulls are inherently fast but their width can make them awkward to handle at the dock or on a trailer.

The DaySailer was marketed as the "boat that launched 10,000 weekends." I have not sailed mine that many times yet, but I'm probably closing in on 100. For me it's a "right sized" boat, small enough to single hand, big enough to take a few guests comfortably, fast enough not to be boring, with good looking curves. The cuddy cabin deflects spray and provides a place for tired children to rest. I even sleep overnight sometimes, head forward under the cuddy on some camping foam pads with my feet sticking out into the cockpit.



She draws only a few inches with the board raised so I can sail up onto a sandy beach. When the tide falls while I am on shore the boat is light enough to push back into the water. The DaySailer's 145sf of sail area is

really too much for my northern California climate where winds in the double digits are the norm. When I sail alone or on windy days I usually reef the main before I go out and use a smaller than standard jib taken from a 14' O'Day Javelin. Then when the wind gets really hairy I slacken the main sheet, leave the tiller, go up onto the foredeck and drop the jib and secure it. The boat naturally heaves to in this situation and is quite stable. Jib secured, I go back to the tiller and sail under reefed main alone. She's quite fast and well balanced under all these sail configurations.

One other caveat, I keep my boat on the shore with the mast stepped all the time. I don't trailer sail it and if I did that 25' keel stepped aluminum mast would be a problem because I cannot raise and step it by myself. Even with two people it's tricky. If I was going to trailer sail I would get a boat with a shorter, lighter mast.

The DaySailer was the model that made the O'Day Corporation prosper but they built smaller and larger boats, too, up to 40' long. The O'Day Javelin is the DaySailer's 14' little sister, it looks different because it has no cuddy cabin but sails similarly. Even smaller than that is the 12' O'Day Widgeon. The DaySailer's twin big sisters are the Rhodes 19 and the Mariner. The Rhodes 19 looks a like a larger, 2 1/2' longer DaySailer with a cuddy cabin. The Mariner has the same hull as the Rhodes 19 but it has a real cabin for overnight cruising with a bulkhead separating the cabin from the cockpit and a big V berth below with storage space, room for a small camp stove, etc. The Mariner and the Rhodes 19 are both available with either a centerboard or a fixed ballasted keel.

There have been over 10,000 DaySailers built and several thousand each of the Widgeon, Javelin, Rhodes 19 and Mariner models as well, so you see these boats everywhere. A much more rare cousin of these is the 15'8" O'Day Ospray (yes, that's Ospray with an "a" not "Osprey"). This boat is only a foot shorter than a DaySailer and looks just like one except that the mast is stepped forward of the raised domed cuddy cabin instead of through it. The cuddy cabin is smaller. I don't know why O'Day bothered to build a boat so similar to its bestseller and they only did that for a few years. I have only ever seen one of these. The Widgeon, Javelin and Ospray are no longer built but Cape Cod Shipbuilding still builds DaySailers and Stuart Marine in Maine builds new Mariners and Rhodes 19s.

West Wight Potter P-15: I had one of these boats for a few years when my kids were small. It looked like a bathtub toy but in a good way. There are famous stories of people making long ocean passages in them, but really, if you want to make a long ocean passage a 15' centerboard dinghy is not the best way to do it. A boat with a ballasted keel is. If you absolutely have to go on a blue water voyage in a dinghy this is probably the one to use. Most P-15 owners trailer sail them on lakes and bays and they are very good for that because they don't weigh too much and the mast is stepped on deck and is only 15' 6" tall and is relatively thin also so it is really easy to put the mast up.

The mast is so short because the "simulated gaff" rigged mainsail is relatively compact and wide for its height. The mainsail is in the shape of a gaff sail plus a gaff topsail with a sturdy batten taking the place of the gaff boom. Plus, the boat is relatively under can-

vassed (main + working jib = 98sf) compared to other boats of similar size and weight. This was rarely a problem for me sailing in windy northern California. On the rare occasions when it was a problem I just put on a big genoa jib. Probably the reason the boat is under canvassed is that it was originally designed to sail in the waters around the Isle of Wight in the English Channel where it's blowing a gale all the time. Strong winds and choppy conditions are built into this boat's DNA, which is funny because today they are produced by International Marine in southern California where the wind is light.



I miss sailing dry (the Potter deflects spray very efficiently) and I sure do miss those two big 6½' berths down below. The Potter is faster than she looks like she would be, I had no complaints about her speed. I did find the cockpit uncomfortable though. The P-15 has a lot of big boat features and one of these is a self bailing cockpit. This means the floor of the cockpit is above the waterline which makes the cockpit quite shallow. I don't have very long legs but even I wished for more legroom. It was like sitting in a bathtub. And the cockpit coaming didn't make it easy to sit on the rail.

As my kids grew there just wasn't room in the bathtub for four people anymore so I traded up to my O'Day DaySailer. Then my kids lost interest in sailing. Oh well, the Day-Sailer is a great boat, too. Some other "big boat" features I could have done without are the bow pulpit (what's it for?) and the bulkhead between the cabin and the cockpit. I like a more open arrangement. But if I were a trailer sailer I would go back to the Potter in a heartbeat because it's so easy to wrangle on and off the trailer.

The same company also builds the P-19 which is more than twice the boat even though it is only 4' longer. One difference between them, besides size, is that while the P-15 has a typical centerboard that pivots backwards and up, the P-19 has a 300lb metal daggerboard that goes straight up and down. So even though this boat only draws 6" with the board up, you can't just sail towards the beach until the board bumps. You have to slowly raise it using a winch.

West Wight Potters, especially the P-15s, hold their resale value much better than most boats. I sold mine for more than I paid for it. Many owners keep them in their garages and polish them obsessively so used Potters are often in Bristol condition.

Some pocket cruisers similar to the Potters (but with deeper drafts) are the Montgomery 15, the Montgomery 17, the Com-Pac 16 and the Sage 17. In the 1960s and 1970s the MacGregor Yacht Corporation produced thousands of Venture-21s and their little sisters the Venture-17s. These were inexpensively made trailer sailers with ballasted swing keels, big

cockpits, low headroom in the cabin and very few frills. They are not pretty by anyone's standard (they look like skinny Clorox bottles with sails), but if your budget is tight they can be had for next to nothing.

The Herreshoff 12½ and its relatives (12½ refers to the waterline length, the boat is 16' long overall). Nathaniel Herreshoff, its designer, was a member of a prominent family of naval architects and yacht builders in Bristol, Rhode Island. He designed many of the America's Cup defenders of the Gilded Age and the early 20th century. Those elegant yachts were his inspiration for this charming little gaff rigged sloop. It was conceived as a safe and stable boat for beginners and children. It has been in continuous production since 1914. Today you can buy one from Cape Cod Shipbuilding or from Ballentine's Boat Shop, also on Cape Cod (where they call it the Doughdish), but there are used ones in wood or fiberglass all over New England.

Warning: These boats aren't cheap. Expect to pay what you would for a car. The Herreshoff 12½ has a fixed ballasted keel with 735lbs of lead in it that draws 2'6". It is probably the smallest keel sailboat in common use. There is no cabin but some people have used it for overnight cruising by rigging a boom tent and making a bed on the cockpit sole which, of course, has no centerboard trunk to divide it in half. Of all of the boats I've never had or sailed, this is the one that most calls to me.



Two-and-a-half feet of draft is too deep to land on beaches so designer Joel White modified the design to make the Haven 12½ which is almost identical to the Herreshoff 12½ from the waterline up. Down below it has a centerboard, but also a shallow keel. The Haven 12½ draws a foot less than the Herreshoff 12½ but weighs about the same so it still draws 1'6" with the board up and weighs well over half a ton. It's not obvious that this is enough of an improvement to make it truly beachable.

The Bullseye has the same hull as the Herreshoff 12½ but has a more modern Marconi sloop rig and a cuddy cabin. Cape Cod Shipbuilding produces the Bullseye. The Paine 14 is a scaled down version of the Herreshoff 12½ that looks similar above the waterline but has a carbon fiber mast and a modern fin keel and less wetted surface area so it performs with more zip.

The Cape Dory Typhoon has been called "America's Littlest Yacht" although maybe the Herreshoff 12½ deserves that title more, being even littler and being designed by a famous yachtsman. But the Typhoon has a proper cabin complete with a bulkhead that separates it from the cockpit and a sliding hatch, sleeping berths below, round portholes in the cabin trunk, teak cockpit coamings, winches for the jib sheets and all the other lit-

tle details of a much larger keelboat. Plus, Carl Alberg designed it with elegant, understated lines. Several thousand of these were made, a few as daysailers without the cabin, but Cape Dory no longer exists as a company. My uncle Eddie had one of these on Lake Michigan.



As long as we're on the subject of keel boats, the Cal 20 is ubiquitous where I live on the West Coast. I learned to sail on a Cal 20 when I was seven years old, in San Diego Harbor, steering a course between the aircraft carriers and the Hobie cats. The Cal 20 is a stocky little boat with a 7' beam. My father always said it developed a "vicious weather helm" when the wind got too strong but I'll bet this problem can be solved by reefing the main. I don't remember if he ever did that. Used Cal 20s are easy to find and the seller is usually pretty motivated to sell because the monthly slip fees at a marina in the San Francisco Bay Area or Los Angeles are often more than the boat itself is worth. You have to keep it at a marina, it's no trailer sailer.

Traditional Catboats: These are heavy, wide and slow with deep round cockpits, oval portholes on the cabin trunk if there is a cabin and one huge gaff mainsail on an unstayed mast that's right up at the bow. They have their origins as utility boats for clamming and fishing on Cape Cod. They look salty but they are not as exciting to sail as more slender sloops. They have a lot of room for their length though. No one model or manufacturer dominates this category. The Marshall Marine Corporation on Cape Cod makes the 15' Sandpiper, the 18' Sanderling and the Marshall 22. Arey's Pond Boat Yard (also on Cape Cod) makes traditional catboats 12' and up, with their 14-footer being the best selling model. Florida based Com-Pac produces a line of trailerable gaff rigged catboats 14'-20' with less wood trim that are a bit more affordable than the high end boats that Marshall and Arey's Pond makes.

Beetlecats, however, are catboats that are nimble sailers. The design of this lightweight (for a catboat) 12-footer goes back to 1921 and 4,000 of them have been built. There are plenty of used ones available but you can buy new ones in wood from Beetle, Inc on Cape Cod and in fiberglass from Howard Boats, also on Cape Cod.



The Drascombe Lugger and its many relatives are triple propulsion boats, they are designed to be rowed, sailed or powered by an outboard motor in a built in motor well. It should go without saying that design compromises mean that they are not high performance sailboats, rowboats or motorboats. They are traditional looking open boats with a gunter rigged mainsail and a small mizzen. They are made in the United Kingdom so even though more than 2,000 have been produced there are not a lot of used ones available in North America. So expect to pay top dollar or even to have to buy a new one, unless you live in the UK.



There is no cabin on the Lugger but people use them for beach camping on extended cruises because they have plenty of storage space and shallow draft. Their design is based on traditional English fishing boats that had to be beachable. The Lugger is 18' 9" but Drascombe makes many other models including the 15 1/2' Dabber and the 21' 9" Longboat, all essentially the same except for the size.

The Norseboat 17.5, "the Swiss Army Knife of boats," made in Canada, is a modern alternative. It is advertised as a sailing/rowing boat but with a beam of just 5'2", round bilges and low freeboard it looks tender. I would sail it in light air, I'm not sure how it would do in a gale.

Cornish Crabbers and Shrimpers are also based on traditional fishing boats and are also made in England. However, many of these are heavy keelboats that violate my "not more than 20' and not over 2,000lbs" rule. Even the popular 19' Shrimper is really over 22' with the bowsprit and weighs over 2,000lbs. Also, since they are made in England there are not that many of them available in North America unless you want to pay for a new one.

Flying Scot: I used to sail one of these. The problem is, I single handed it and found that this boat is really too big and powerful to single hand very well. The mainsail was bigger than a barn door. Mine had no reef points. I would come screaming back to the dock at the end of the sail thinking, "geez, I sure hope I can stop this beast." It's not tippy, just has a lot of power. You could water ski from one.

The company that makes them, Flying Scot, Inc, is located on a small lake in western Maryland, maybe it's not very windy there. Also, there is no place in the cockpit or forepeak or on deck to lay out a sleeping bag for an overnight, it's strictly a daysailer and racer. That's unusual for a boat that is 19' long and almost 7' wide.



Cape Cod Mercury Sloop: Don't confuse this with the 18' "Mercury Class" boats, this boat is 15' long. It is a favorite with camps, sailing schools and community boating programs but it looks kinda generic and institutional. I don't think that many people buy these for their own personal use. At least all the ones I've ever seen have

been in institutional fleets. Come to think of it, there are other sailboats like that, the Flying Junior for instance. Cape Cod Shipbuilding makes Mercury Sloops.

Whitehalls are rowing boats. They were originally water taxis in New York City so they are light in weight and have a narrow beam and low freeboard. Today you can get Whitehalls with sail rigs but light, narrow, low hulls aren't ideal for sailing. I would only sail one in gentle conditions and gentle conditions are rare where I live. Whitehall Rowing & Sail and Gig Harbor Boat Works (both in the Pacific Northwest) are two companies that produce them with sail rigs.

So every boat has a story that explains why it looks the way it does. Many of the stories have happened on or near Cape Cod. If you live there, you are lucky to be surrounded by all these pretty boats.

Common Centerboard		Draft up /		Sail		Number		Years	
Boats under 20'	LOA	Beam	Down	Weight	Area	Rig	Cabin?	Produced	Produced
Sunfish	13' 9"	4' 1"	7" / 2' 11"	120 lbs	75 ft ²	lateen	no	300,000+	1952 - pres.
Laser	13' 9"	4' 7"	6" / 2' 7"	130 lbs	76 ft ²	cat	no	215,000+	1969 - pres.
Widgeon	12' 4"	5'	5" / 3' 6"	180 lbs	90 ft ²	sloop	no	5,300+	1964 - 1980s
Hobie 16 (catamaran)	16' 7"	7' 11"	10"	320 lbs	218 ft ²	sloop	no	135,000+	1971 - pres.
Beetle Cat	12' 4"	6'	8" / 2'	450 lbs	100 ft ²	gaff cat	no	4,000+	1921 - pres.
Javelin	14'	5' 8"	6" / 3' 10"	475 lbs	125 ft ²	sloop	no	5,100+	1960-1984
West Wight Potter P-15	15'	5' 6"	7" / 3'	475 lbs	98 ft ²	sloop	cabin	2,600+	1960 - pres.
DaySailer	16' 9"	6' 3"	9" / 3' 9"	575 lbs	145 ft ²	sloop	cuddy	10,000+	1958 - pres.
Drascombe Lugger	18' 9"	6' 3"	10" / 4'	600 lbs	132 ft ²	yawl	no	2,000+	1968 - pres.
Flying Scot	19'	6' 7"	8" / 3' 11"	676 lbs	190 ft ²	sloop	no	6,000+	1957 - pres.
Rhodes 19 (CB)	19' 2"	7'	10" / 4' 11"	1,030 lbs	175 ft ²	sloop	cuddy	3,500+	1959 - pres.
West Wight Potter P-19	18' 9"	7' 6"	6" / 3' 7"	1,225 lbs	132 ft ²	sloop	cabin	1,600+	1971 - pres.
Mariner (CB)	19' 2"	7'	10" / 4' 11"	1,305 lbs	184 ft ²	sloop	cabin	4,000+	1962 - pres.

Common Fixed Keel				Sail				Number	Years
Boats 20' and under	LOA	Beam	Draft	Weight	Area	Rig	Cabin?	Produced	Produced
Com-Pac 16	16'	6'	1' 6"	1,100 lbs	115 ft ²	sloop	cabin	2,800+	1974 - 2002
Herreshoff 12 1/2	15' 10"	5' 10"	2' 6"	1,250 lbs	140 ft ²	gaff sloop	no	~1000	1914 - pres.
Rhodes 19 (keel)	19' 2"	7'	3' 4"	1,325 lbs	175 ft ²	sloop	cuddy	3,500+	1959 - pres.
Mariner (keel)	19' 2"	7'	3' 4"	1,430 lbs	184 ft ²	sloop	cabin	4,000+	1962- pres.
Cal 20	20'	7'	3' 4"	1,950 lbs	195 ft ²	sloop	cabin	1,945	1961-1975
Cape Dory Typhoon	18' 6"	6' 3"	2' 7"	2,000 lbs	160 ft ²	sloop	cabin	~2000	1967 - 1986

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Finding Windmaiden

By Jerry Coulson

I was so happy to see the ad in your August issue, page 27, of Maine Day Sails and camp cruising charters. One of the boats offered in the charter was a boat named *Windmaiden*, a 30' Aleutka cutter. She was designed for me by the late wonderful John Letcher in Maine. It was the only one of its kind, as he designed the 25' Aleutka but made up plans for me to have the larger boat.

I built this boat in Ontario, Canada, and sailed her from the Port of Oshawa to Europe in the 1980s. My plan was to go to the Azores, then to the Algarve coast in Portugal, then home via the West Indies and back to Canada. This I did in the early '80s. When I did return, I decided to sell her and Robert Paige bought her and sailed her back to Maine. He wanted to meet with John Letcher and did actually begin a position with John.

We lost touch with Robert over the years when I was becoming very interested in multihulls. I built a Kurt Hughes 31' trimaran on which I circumnavigated Newfoundland and the Maritimes with my children. I am now in my 80s and have settled down with a small trimaran designed by John Marples, which my wife and I enjoy on a small lake in northern Ontario.

We always wondered where *Windmaiden* had ended up and if she was even still afloat. We contacted the owner, Captain Steven Pagels, in Maine after seeing the ad in *MAIB* and he sent us photos and confirmed that indeed he had purchased our *Windmaiden* and she was now blue but with the same original tanbark sails.

I'm enclosing some pictures. This is my story, I thought maybe some readers would also enjoy reading it. I love your magazine, Bob. Lots of great reading.



John Letcher and Aleutka

By Bob Hicks

Thinking to bring you a bit of background on Jerry's boat and its designer, I went (of course) to the internet, only to find very little. One short copyrighted article had this to say about this:

"Rumor has it that people who try to contact him to buy a set of plans for Aleutka receive no response. The boat, like the man, has very little web presence. There is almost no information available on the design."

Too late now, John died in 2018 according to an obit in the *Bangor Daily News*. Pertinent points mentioned include the following:

"John S. Letcher, Jr, 76, of Southwest Harbor died May 7, 2018, in Bangor, after a long battle with Parkinson's disease. He showed an early aptitude for math and science, winning the 1959 Westinghouse Science Talent Search and used the prize scholarship to attend the California Institute of Technology, where he received a BS in physics in 1962, an MS in aeronautics in 1964 and a PhD in aerodynamics in 1966. In 1969 he came to Maine to live year round in Southwest Harbor.

John is remembered for his many contributions to the local and international sailing community. An avid life long sailor, he completed six trans Pacific voyages. Two of these were single handed in a 20' boat. John was the founder and president of a software engineering company specializing in computer aided design for marine applications.

For nearly 30 years, he chaired the Maine Retired Skipper's Race for which he developed a handicapping system based on a velocity prediction program of his design, now widely used in ocean racing. John was involved in several America's Cup campaigns, serving as the senior scientist on the 1987 America's Cup Stars & Stripes design team which earned him a life membership in the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

He authored two books, *Self Steering for Sailing Craft* and *Self Contained Celestial Navigation* for sailing yachts. Both are out of print but are available on Amazon.

His family cherishes his memory as a man of broad talents who could build a boat, solve complex differential equations, play bluegrass banjo and bake a cherry pie, all with equal skill and enthusiasm."

About Aleutka, a brief description based on details in a photo while under sail includes the following, "The Aleutka had twin keels, fiberglass over wood construction designed for minimalist cruising. In the photo can be seen the very strong standing rigging. The mast is about the length of the boat yet has doubled stays and inner stays intended to preserve the lower portions of the mast in a dismasting. Instead of turnbuckles, the rigging is tensioned with deadeyes for their lower cost and maintainability. The oarlocks kept costs down and eliminated the hassle of having an engine. They also eliminated the need to shoehorn an engine into a tiny boat and the need to live beside it."

As reader Coulson noted, his 30' Aleutka is now available for private charters at Downeast Windjammer Cruise Lines in Bar Harbor, Maine (downeastwindjammer.com).

I was perusing my the October issue of *Messing About in Boats* when I came across an article about the Hull Lifesaving Museum looking for some fine rowing and sculling craft for their youth rowing program. I thought about the boats in my current fleet and I thought my 15' Duck Trap Wherry would make a fine addition to the Hull Life Saving Museum's rowing program.

My wherry, the *William & Anthony*, was built by my brother Steve and I over the winter of 2005-2006 and was christened and launched on Yirrell Beach in Winthrop in June 2006. Brother Steve and I did our first Light Snow Row in March of 2007 when Hingham Bay was filled with icebergs. My brothers, along with my nephew Matthew, have participated in ten Snow Rows, two Minot's Light Roundabouts and eight or ten Essex River Races over the past 13 years.

The *William & Anthony* was named for two individuals that were great influences in my life, my dad, William L. Honan, and my grandfather, Anthony A. Bonzagni. I wouldn't consider either one of them boaters, boat builders or sailors but they taught me a lot about problem solving, patience, wood working, confidence, tools, measuring (measure ten times, cut once) and how to always strive to do my best. "Be all you can be!"

A Rowboat for the Hull Lifesaving Museum

By Richard Honan



I decided to donate the *William & Anthony* to the Hull Lifesaving Museum in my brother Stephen's memory. Steve passed away unexpectedly this past March. Steve spent many hours with this boat when we were building it, participating in rowing races, rowing out to Snake Island or just rowing around Winthrop Harbor.

I am currently building a new rowboat, a 13' peapod. It will be named, *Wailo-Wailo*,

brother Steve's familiar greeting whenever he met you.

A Thank You from the Hull Lifesaving Museum

I cannot tell you how much we appreciate the donation of your boat, she is well known in these waters, as you well know. I think this is a great opportunity to keep your brother's memory with us. I only met Steve twice, once in a post race gunnel to gunnel chat in Essex and on the night of the Sea and Sky exhibition where I got to talk with you, Steve and your wives a little more.

As we adapt to the new virus world we find ourselves fulfilling our mission in single and double sculling boats to meet the desires of youths and adults alike to get out on the water while also creating a virus safe environment. Your donation will help us move forward.

We will take good care of her and will remember Steve and your gift. We will be ready to assist when you arrive. Thank you again.

Mike McGurl, Executive Director, Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull MA



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Photo By Mike Livdahl

For those who know there is simply nothing better than messing about in small boats.

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Replacing a Section of the Sheer Plank Half Round - Part 1

By Richard Honan

Someone (me) installed the sheer plank half round with a bad curve or bend. Every time I looked at it, I would grimace. I knew that in order to fix it would be a PIA. Maybe no one would notice it? Maybe the sun won't come up tomorrow?

Finally I said, "Stop complaining and just fix it." I set up a small router with two raised tracks and proceeded to route the $\frac{3}{8}$ " thickness down to nothing in three passes without going through the 6oz fiberglass cloth and epoxy. The half round was adhered to the hull with TotalBoat 2:1 Epoxy and #6x $\frac{5}{8}$ " stainless steel screws about 6" on center. The router bit went right through the mahogany half round and the stainless steel screws without a burp. I filled the screw holes with thickened epoxy and after a little sanding I was ready for attaching the new half round sections.

I fabricated two new half round sections about 30" in length and then brought in the expert boatwrights, my granddaughters Anna and Emily, to assist me. They mixed up a small batch of TotalBoat 2:1 epoxy and proceeded to wet out both surfaces. Then they added some silica and microballoons to make a thick paste. This was applied to both surfaces to fill any spaces or gaps. Anna and Emily then proceeded to attach my homemade deep clamps. I followed up with some #6x $\frac{5}{8}$ " stainless screws for the mechanical fastener.

Part 2 to follow...



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Newsletter, October 2020

My sailing season came to an abrupt end in July when I fell while carrying a cinder block, and broke a bone in my foot. Now, six weeks after surgery, I can walk again, and am looking forward to getting back to work. In the meantime, the GRACE EILEEN has been swinging on her mooring, with very little time under sail. My daughter, Grace, did take her out over Labor Weekend, when she was home from Illinois. This was her first time single handed, and she was a bit nervous, especially about picking up the mooring. The Grace Eileen has only a 2hp outboard, which lives in a locker in the cockpit. It's a bit awkward getting it out and into position on the transom, so it only gets used when there's absolutely no wind, and we have to get somewhere. So picking up the mooring is almost always done under sail.

The mooring is just about the most exposed in the harbor, and it can be quite rough in an afternoon sea breeze. When we launched the boat, it was the nearest to the channel, but now there are several other boats to dodge on the way in and out. The Grace Eileen is very maneuverable, but you have to be very aware of wind shifts and currents, to avoid the nightmare scenario of being swept athwart the mooring of another boat.

The mooring has a mast buoy - a small float with a long skinny pole, ballasted to stand upright, which you grab when you come to the mooring. I originally had a float and a buoyed line, which I picked up with a boathook. That works well enough if you remember to dip the boathook well under the line - objects under water always look closer to the surface than they really are. I changed to the mast buoy after I dropped the boathook a couple of times. Fortunately, I had already picked up the mooring, and was able to recover the boathook, but I realized that it would be almost impossible to have done it single handed without the boathook.

The mast buoy works fine, but that thin mast whips about vigorously in a chop, and you only get one chance to grab it. I've had it hit my palm and be gone again before I could catch it, which means tacking back out into the channel, and coming in for another try. It's virtually impossible to bring the boat up to the mooring so she stops with the mast right at the bow, run forward, and grab it, except perhaps in the lightest weather with no chop.

My method is to run a pickup line from the mooring bitt, outside the lifelines and shrouds, aft almost to the cockpit, where I clip it to the top lifeline with a heavy spring clip. I bring the boat in from the channel, usually under just the mainsail, with the wind on the beam, then come up into the wind so that the boat just carries her way to bring the buoy alongside. I step away from the tiller, grab the mast, pull up the buoy, and clip the pickup line onto the mooring pennant. I drop the main, pull in the pickup line, drop the pennant over the mooring bitt, and then I can take my time about furling the main and tidying up. I would like to say that after nine seasons of doing this I've got it down to a fine art, but in a fresh breeze and a steep chop, I still sometimes miss, and have to go around again for another try.

Anyway, Grace had ideal weather, a very nice sail on Penobscot Bay, and picked up the mooring on her first try, to a round of applause from friends watching on shore. She was very proud of herself, as she had every right to be!

The photos on the right came from Terry Monmany, of Silver Spring, MD. He writes, "Allow me to try to describe how much I enjoyed building the Jiffy 9-7. I've done quite a bit of rough carpentry over the years, but this was my first boatbuilding project. Though I am a sailor at heart, I was looking to build a skiff for rowing and use with a small outboard. Plus, I needed to keep in mind that my garage/shop is on the small side. The Jiffy 9-7 fit the bill, and far exceeded expectations in every category.

"Your plans are clear and elegant, and it was a lot of fun translating them into three dimensions. I am very slow and deliberate, and my only power tools were a jigsaw, a circular saw, a drill, and sanders. Okoume plywood forms the panels, and white pine served for the stem, keels, seats, knees, and blocks.

"Not long after beginning the project, I decided to give the boat to a good friend who was turning 60 and has a vacation home on Long Island but does not have a boat. One of his favorite expressions has been 'remain calm', and thus her name. We launched REMAIN CALM in June from a little beach on the Peconic River, with an electric Torquedo motor rated about 3 HP, and she is a gem. She moves smoothly under power, and rows with little effort. Passers by were as delighted as we were. Her bow is proud, her lines are true, and her materials are classic. 'Hey, that's a real boat!' one young woman said, as if she were surprised to finally encounter one. In that sense the skiff showed she was in fact ideal."

At the moment I am catching up on some work on my house, and cutting firewood. We had a strong gale with heavy rain last week, which brought down a lot of leaves, but there is still some color in the trees. The GRACE EILEEN is home, outside my shop, waiting to be covered for the winter. As the weather gets colder, I will put in more time on the Penobscot 13 in my shop, which is due to be finished in the spring. I should be able to fit in one more of these boats this winter, in time for an early summer delivery. If you are thinking of ordering one, don't delay!



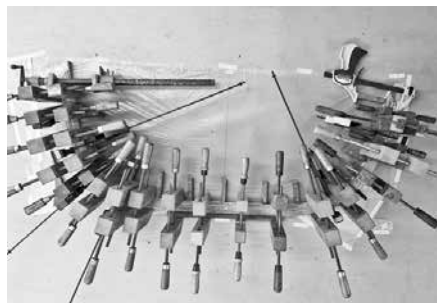
This is a follow up to my article of May 2020 regarding my construction of a Nutshell Pram model and subsequent plan to build a full scale version. My motivation is largely based on my location, 250' off the sand beach of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. I've built and used kayaks, purchased and love my Vermont Packboat from the Martin brothers, but have had an itch for a small sailboat. My first attempt to cure this itch was a Puddle Duck Racer, PDR-Edge 627, that was too much of a burden to get to the water for my needs. It was recycled for parts for the pram.

With this background, I decided to build the pram from found and "on hand" materials vs the typical okoume plywood. As such, the bottom is the $\frac{3}{8}$ " exterior plywood from the PDR. The three planks per side are purchased (Menards) $\frac{1}{4}$ " 5 ply plywood of Baltic birch that I tested by soaking for a month. This ply is under \$30 for a 4'x8' sheet vs \$117 for okoume. The bow and stern transoms are recycled maple table tops and other details like thwarts and knees came from recycled redwood decking.

The plan calls for a standing lugsail but I recycled my PDR 59sf Bolger leg o mutton sail from Polysail International by changing the mast angle to align the center of effort with the original plan. I think Dave Lucas and Dan Rogers are creeping in here.

With all that said, I began construction in early February as my Covid Sanity Program. I purchased Maynard Bray's book *Building the Nutshell Pram* as well as plans from a *WoodenBoat* for the model's construction and found that thinking through the sequences and procedures for the model construction eased the flow of the full size version considerably.

Construction begins with the ladder jig and temporary molds. The center or #2 frame remains with the boat and was laminated from barn find ash and Gorilla Glue. With the molds, frame #2 and transoms positioned on the jig, the bottom and planks follow. I built the 9'6" version of the pram that requires 10' lengths for planks and therefore scarfing and gluing was required. It was a good physical planing activity but went well as the ply layers of the plywood helped keep me visually on track. The scarfs were glued with West System Epoxy.



Inland Sea Nutshell Pram

By Rob Ecker
robecker@charter.net



Planing the adjoining points where panels meet is key to a good fit and I found using a rabbit plane with arm extension to guide it parallel to the mating edge as in photo worked best. Planks and center frame were epoxy coated prior to assembly.

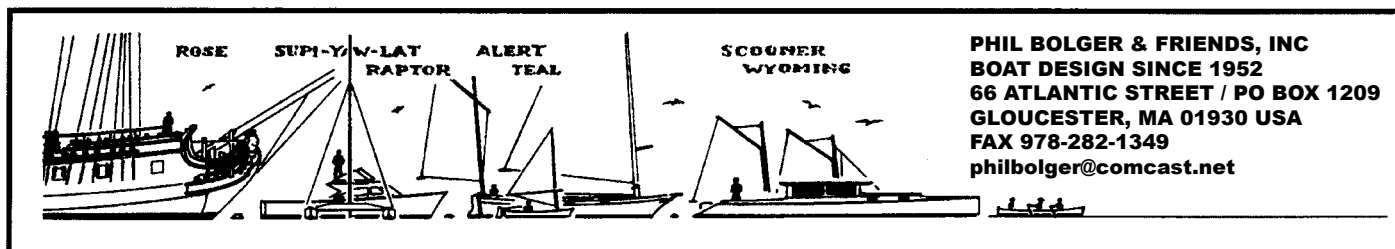


Removing from the jig and flipping facilitated clean up of the interior and epoxy coating. Fitting of the knees, thwarts and centerboard case finished off the interior construction. Centerboard and rudder/tiller were off boat projects and were mostly recycled from the PDR. Paint is basic latex for ease of touch up.



Maiden voyage was May 3 in rowing format to test the feel and I was pleased. Sailing it has been a joy and I've met my need to have it reasonably easy to launch as well. Social distancing became enjoyable!





Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #554 in *MAIB*

Design #503 (Aluminum) Sea Bird '86 – Design #525 (Plywood) Sea Bird '86
 Long Keel Dipping Lugger/Gaff Sloop – 23'0"x7'9"x2'6" x 276sf/282sf x 4150lbs

Part 5 of 6: Launching Her and Studying Her Dipping Lug Sail

Valparaiso, Chile, is around 70 miles by Route 68 headed west northwest from downtown Santiago. Santiago averages some 1,800' of elevation, surrounded by 4-6-8,000' peaks in almost every direction. Route 68 to the coast west northwest winds its way down and up through valleys and cuts past 2,000-5,500 footer, and down and up again to finally drop from some 1,200' feet the last six miles into the port city of Valparaiso.

David C and son had found that they needed a custom trailer to match Sea Bird '86's particulars to then be routinely towed by their rugged Landrover 110 4x4. This is less about welding steel than getting the right geometry of dimensions and stout supports to keep that precious hull safe and sound to go where that Landrover is headed. Even then an involved project, however, one to then open up so many options. After this de facto learning the trade of doing such a structure through every necessary step, she would now be able to go just about anywhere there would be water big enough for her. Boat and builders/owners would be able to make the most of all this work by maximizing all sorts of conceivable sailing and cruising opportunities.

David C had done extensive research looking for a design that he might want to invest what would unavoidably grow into a good amount of his spare time and money, sure good to have the increasingly able assistance of his maturing son to share this experience with. Zeroing in on final choices, the models of Sea Bird '86 we looked at in the September 2020 issue of *MAIB* were done in their winter of 2013, our summer here. First 1:1 scale plywood was delivered by September 2014. And as life, work and education between the two of them allowed, she would end up being ready to be launched by late summer of 2018, i.e., February of that year.

Best to let the pictures do much of the talking:



Father and son posing before their almost finished boat with just a few odds and ends left such as painting the raised deck sides, lifting

into place and aligning the mast to accept the pivot pin through the tabernacle cheeks, etc. Ditto for their trailer, which is incomplete as well.



With the crane of the marina, lifting her on and off trailers is not an issue at all, unlike their getting the boat on the trailer for the first time in Santiago. Here an older unit serves to support her with paint and mast in place as final preparations get underway.



This must have been a moving moment for both with son riding her up and over the water and dad David taking the picture of this launching for the ages.



With the lifting slings unhooked from the crane, that brand new 10hp outboard gets going.



A good image to study the hull and dipping lug moving along with the outboard proudly displayed out of the water in that modest breeze. They reported her as being quite tender to begin with, as Phil had also reported about the first hull rendered as Design #503 in aluminum years earlier. Hence her raised deck as broad shoulders to pick her up eventually. Also a good study of the utter simplicity of the dipping lug geometry, probably the rarest of sights in Valparaiso in well over a century. And tanbark color to boot in full concession to the working roots of the rig across a range of sizes for a range of purposes until the arrival of internal combustion propulsion.



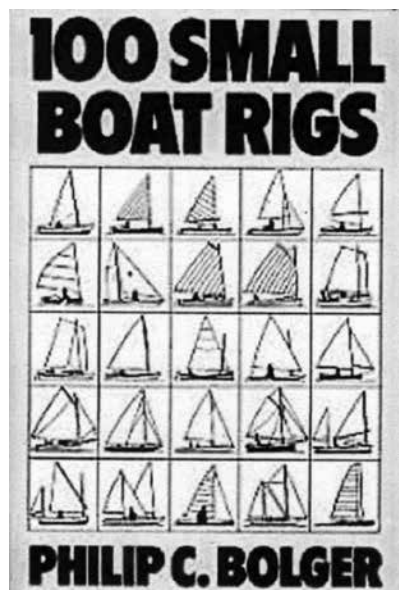
A well posed and moody shot with a sail geometry so unmistakable, that of the dipping lug offering a clean leading edge well clear of the mast, controlled by that single halyard yard aloft, the short tack pendant to windward ahead of the mast and the sheet to a block on the cockpit backrest edge. A fair amount of sail power on a short unstayed mast, a plain yard to carry the sail and thus a good amount of cloth low enough to keep heeling forces under control with that short mast unlikely to be a liability as reefs are called for and, of course, readily lowered about 90° to horizontal either on an anchorage for the night or powering into a breeze towards shelter from the rising storm.



A vision from at least 100 years earlier, this ancient working craft sailing rig is testing her crew amidst a range of moored modern working and pleasure types.

With her characteristics being explored by her builder in their stretch of the southeastern Pacific coastal waters of Chile, let's revisit what Phil had to say about dipping lugs.

In what remains the sole such rich collection of sailing rig geometries he had opinions on, in 1984 Phil published the book *100 Small Boat Rigs* with International Marine, a division of the global publishing house McGraw Hill, typically more known for professional and academic volumes, textbooks and periodicals.



For context, after his first national article in glossy monthly *The Rudder* of March 1948, many hundreds more such eventually resulted in McGraw Hill proposing to Phil to assemble and comment upon collections of his designs in book format with *Small Boats*

in 1973, *The Folding Schooner* in 1976, *Different Boats* of 1980, *30-Odd Boats* by 1982, *Bolger Boats* and reissuing *Small Boats* and *The Folding Schooner* under one cover in 1983, making *100 Rigs* his fifth book, followed in 1994 with *Boats With An Open Mind*. Good thing that he left more manuscripts that should at long last begin to be published in 2021.

Under the book's first section, Cat Rigs (One Sail), he discusses 27 sail and mast geometries he deemed appropriate under that category. So here we bring you, in the context of this launch of a 23' dipping lug long keel coastal cruiser, his perspectives on Rig #15, the Dipping Lug:

"All through the 19th century the dipping lug was the characteristic sail of the British Isles and the west coast of France, between the square sails of Scandinavia and the lateeners of Spain. Even in its homeland it wasn't used for pleasure boats, but swarms of fishermen, surfmen and pilots used it until they could get engines. Then it died, leaving a formidable legend behind it.

It was the most powerful windward sail possible with primitive technology. It wasn't improved on until the advent of 1x19 wire and reliable swaged terminals made it possible for big staysails to stand close hauled. And although a lugger can't go to windward with a space age sloop, the sloop can't match the lugger for low first cost, easy maintenance, little wind resistance with sails lowered and low bridge clearance.

A dipping lug is essentially a big jib with the top cut off, set flying. The luff is kept taut by the weight of the long upper part of the yard. For this action to be effective, the luff shouldn't be too long relative to the length of the yard. This one is about as tall as is workable and most were broader for their height. The longer the luff relative to the length of the yard, the farther below the midpoint of the yard the halyard should be attached, one-third to two-fifths of the overall length of the yard is the normal range. The tack pendant forms a straight extension of the line of the luff to the deck and should be as short as possible. A long tack pendant allows the tension along the foot of the sail to pull the tack aft, hence, the clew will rise, the sheet angle will become too low and the flow of the sail will be distorted.

It's sheeted in the same fashion as any boomless sail but it's easier to get good sheeting geometry if, as in the cartoon, the tack is well back from the stem. The sheeting angle is measured from a line parallel with the boat

centerline, but taken from the tack of the sail, not from the mast. In a lugger like this one, the tack can be hauled out to a point to windward of the centerline and so can be sheeted to a point farther inboard at the clew end.

The effect can't be carried to extremes because the yard is pivoting on the mast and the sail has to go around the lee side of the mast in a minimum close hauled sweep, but it can be helpful. Before the wind, the tack can be brought down to the weather rail abreast of the mast, allowing more of the sail to draw than is usual with boomless sails. The tack does need a solid anchorage. If it isn't held hard, the peak of the yard will sag and the sail will go out of shape.

When the halyard is slacked to lower the sail, the yard turns upside down and falls peak first. A mark on the halyard will show where to snub it before the yard spears the deck. Once it is snubbed, the peak gyrates wildly. With a big lug it's good to have a line led from the peak of the yard down somewhere aft that can be hauled aft to tame the peak before lowering it to the deck. In a small one, somebody can grab it and wrestle it down.

One of the virtues of the rig is that it invariably does come down when called, there being nothing that can bind or jam enough to hold the weight of the yard. The parrel holding the yard to the mast should be very slack. Its only function is to keep the yard from kiting out to leeward as it's hoisted and lowered, and it can have slack up to a quarter of the beam of the boat at the mast and still serve its purpose.

The fishermen used to furl the sail against the yard and hoist the bundle up on its halyard well clear of the deck to make working space. The lack of clutter when furled was one reason they used the rig. It's also one of the most efficient sails to reef, quick to tie in, small change in the helm balance, no projecting boom to trip the boat and nothing to spoil the flow of the sail. The working boatmen would have four or five rows of reef points for fine adjustment of the height and area.

What kept yachtsmen from adopting the sail was the necessity of lowering it every time it was tacked. The operation involves lowering the yard and sail to the deck, casting off the tack and bringing it back around the mast, casting off the sheet, manhandling the yard and the sail over to the new lee side, reeving the sheet again, hauling the tack forward and making fast, hoisting the sail and swaying the luff taut. It's not quite as bad as it sounds but it's bad enough. Fishing boats, of course, usually had strong crews available for sail handling when making a passage.

A good lugger will make headway with the sail on the weather side of the mast, the part ahead of the mast aback. The best would seldom be able to go through stays starting sail aback, but in a long and short tack situation it sometimes pays to make the short board with sail aback, then wear ship to get back on the good tack.

The New Orleans luggers, the only American type to use the rig, had the tack on a horse across the bow abaft the stem. When they needed to make a board with the sail on the weather side of the mast, they would haul the tack out to the weather end of this horse and flatten the sail down hard. This minimized the bag in the sail between the mast and the luff as long as no overpowering squall struck. If caught by a squall in this condition, the maneuver is to up helm and payoff before

The Europeans had various tricky methods of speeding up tacking by hauling the sail around the mast without lowering it all the way. All such procedures need strong crews and moderate weather. The one exception is the use of separate sails for the two tacks. In tacking, the sail is lowered as soon as it luffs. The sheet and tack are not touched. They hold the foot of the sail stretched along the deck. The yard and bunt are caught and bundled loosely to the foot while the sail on the other side is hoisted.

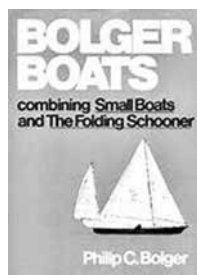
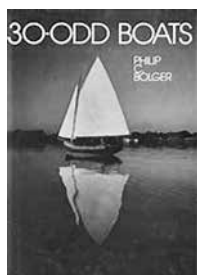
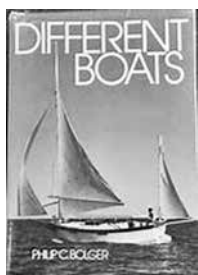
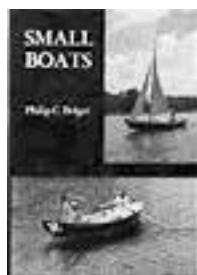
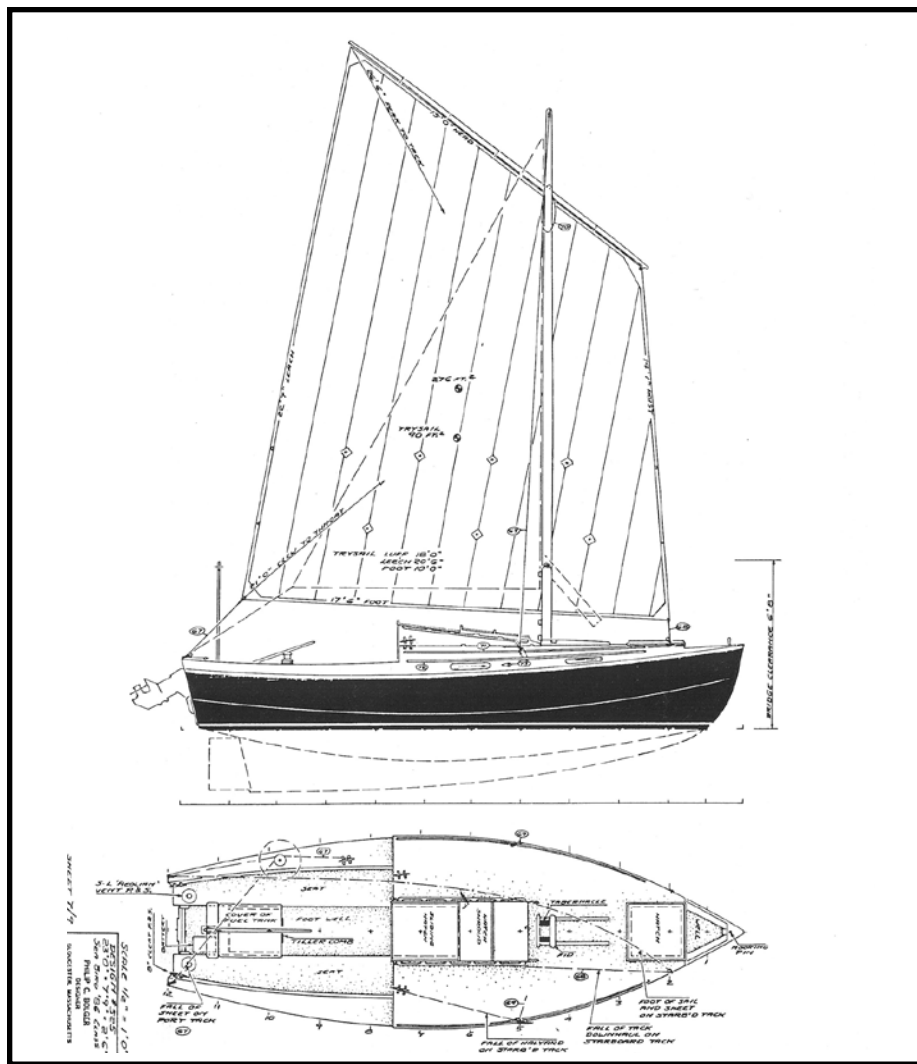
Parrels around the mast won't pass each other with this rig. With small sails, one or both can be set without a parrel, but for security it's best to have a jackstay run to the masthead from the deck for the second parrel to travel on. The jackstay should be slack, it has no staying function and a tight one is more apt to chafe. A neater way of handling this problem would be to replace the parrels with two short pendants attached to slides running on separate tracks on either side of the mast. The tracks should be recessed or protected by battens from the swinging yard, which might crush them.

However that may be, the dipping lug remains ideal for the use for which it was always ideal, to produce maximum power in a straight line with minimum clutter on deck and wind resistance aloft. The cartoon shows

David and son, along with curious folks from the yacht club and, of course, school friends, got to study her behavior, her talents and odd quirks in and outside that harbor, learning to trust the structure the two had built from scratch, getting a growing sense of what she might be like to handle during pro-

Next issue Sea Bird '86 will be going on her grand inaugural cruise, rich reward for the builders.

(Plans for Design #525 plywood Sea Bird '86 consisting of nine sheets featuring all versions are available for \$300 from us, Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627).



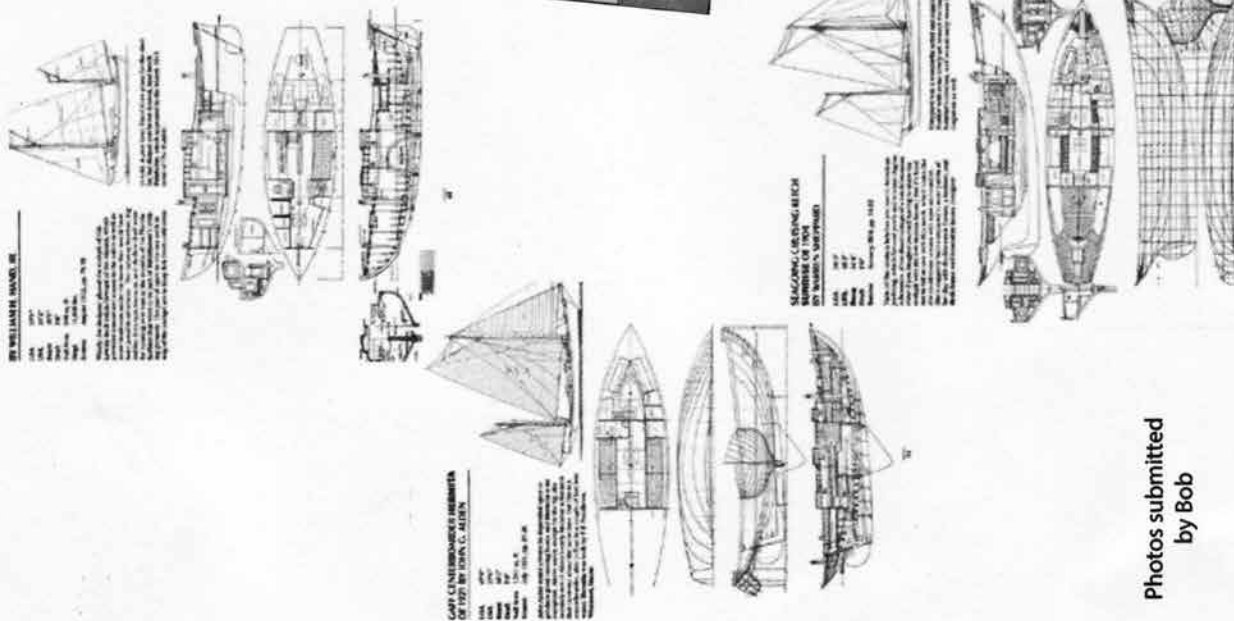
Bob Johnson contributes a plan source:

"I am not privy to the selection of books the Society may have available, so this contribution for the Ship's Log may be old news (but possibly still of interest). This book is still available from WoodenBoat Books, Naskeag Road, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, Maine (or from www.woodenboat.com) for \$24.95 (copyright date 2000).

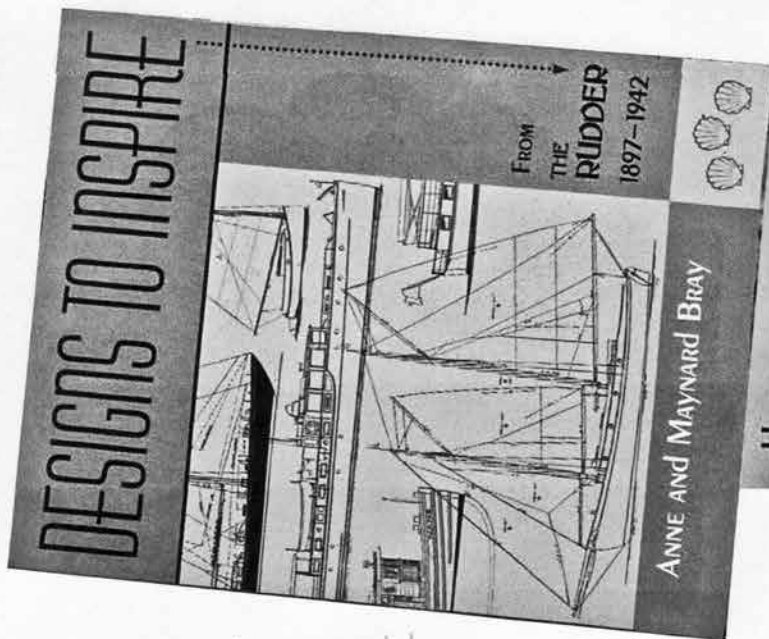
"Designs To Inspire" presents designs published in The Rudder magazine from 1897 to 1942, covering both power and sail from small launches to large yachts. Importantly, many include drawings with a complete set of lines that would allow accurate modeling. Lots to choose from (175+ pages) covering a wide variety of types. I have included a few examples.

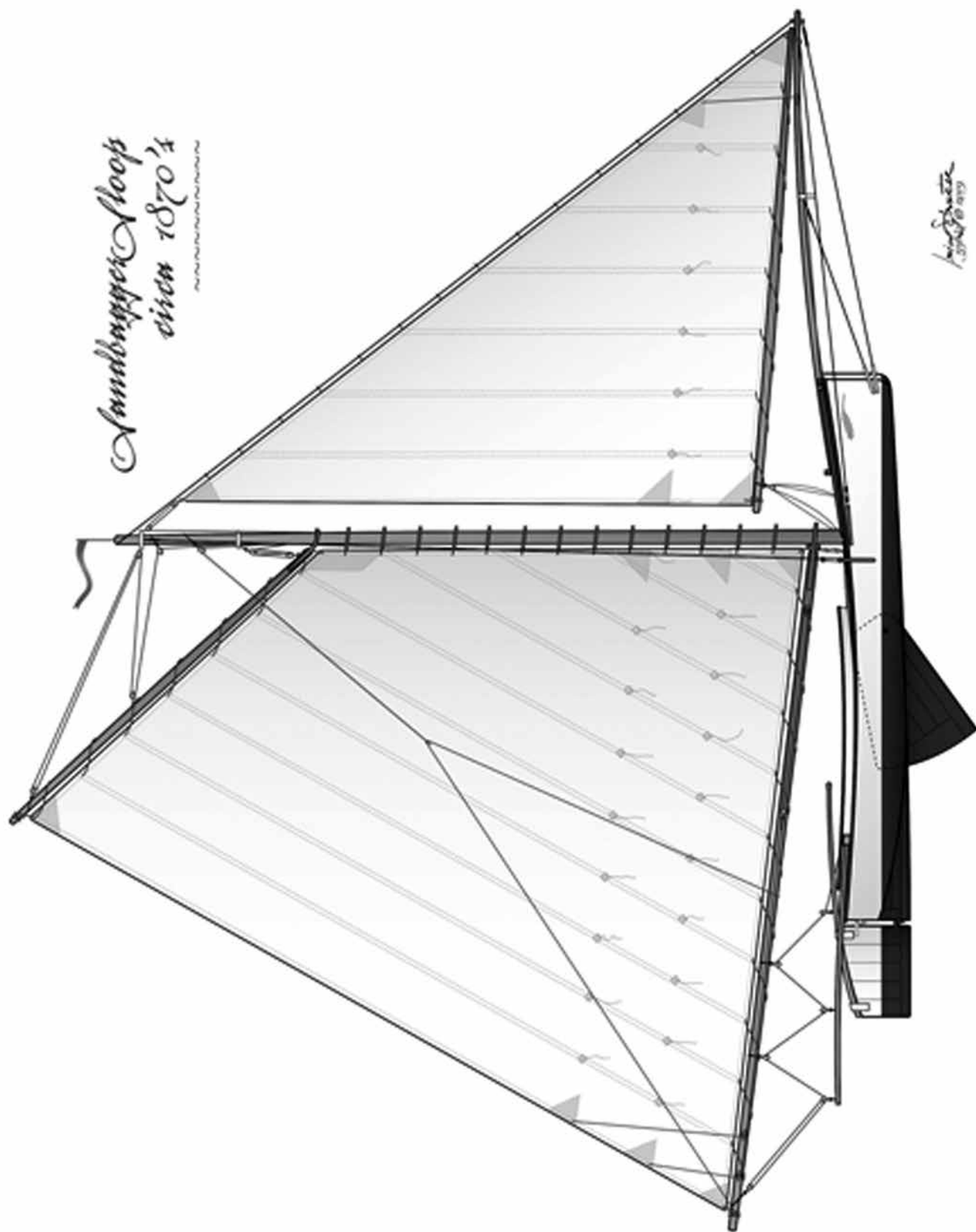
I found the Crowninshield 94' shoal-draft schooner of particular interest (given its 3' draft). Size DOES matter regarding sufficient stability to prevent capsizing, and Mr. Crowninshield was a highly regarded designer, BUT I would be curious to know (1) if she was ever actually built (as the text implies) and (2) how she sailed. The editorial comment says the "design seems like a tall order...to be able to sail, or at least float, in a yard deep water", and I concur. She has both a HUGE centerboard and a daggerboard ahead of the rudder (which would help to balance the helm, especially off the wind, but be quite vulnerable to damage). Very pretty above the waterline however... perhaps a good subject for a waterline model.

I recall the *Rara Avis* from my teen years in the West Palm Beach area, a three masted steel Thames River barge type docked in Palm Beach. Probably 70'+ on deck, 4' draft and with large leeboards. Built to yacht standards...a handsome workboat design well suited for its intended use in shoal waters. Probably scrapped long ago and perhaps now part of Hondas or Toyotas that we see driving around."



**Photos submitted
by Bob**





Small Craft Illustration #23 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net

If one is approaching a bridge, the vessel's air draft can become an important consideration. Air draft is a term for the distance from the surface of the water to the highest point on a vessel. Most bridges have a known vertical clearance (usually measured from high tide along the coast or high water on rivers). This clearance is noted on the local chart and is usually posted on the bridge where it can be seen by the vessel operator. In some cases, there is a floating marker that indicates the clearance at that time. It is important that your vessel's air draft is less than the vertical clearance! On the depth of water approach, our yacht club has a floating indicator that gives the status of the tide for use by those with deeper draft vessels as to whether or not they can get out the channel.

While we had no problem going under the vehicle drawbridge crossing the Manatee River in our small boat, the railroad bridge was a different matter. The opening for vessels at the railroad bridge was a turntable with a person pushing a lever around to move the bridge to the open position for a vessel to pass through. When no trains were scheduled for some period of time, the bridge tender would walk the bridge open and use a dinghy to get back to the little shelter on the fixed portion of the bridge. This saved a lot of work and time while allowing those on the water clear passage. If the bridge was closed most of us with small boats could pass under the swing part of the bridge at low to medium tide, if one was careful.

A problem arises when the declared vertical clearance of a bridge is in error. There was a meeting between a crane on a barge and a bridge because the stated clearance for the bridge was wrong. There has also been damage to boats and bridges when the raised lift bridge was not as high as it was supposed to be. The nice thing about draw and swing bridges is that the boat operator can see the opening and the clearance before proceeding. A friend of mine who was cruising came upon a fixed bridge with a vertical clearance just under the air draft of his sailboat with the VHF antenna on top of the mast. He heeled the boat over and sailed under the bridge, listening to the antenna "ticking" as it brushed the underside of the bridge.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

I have seen pictures of a boat going under a bridge with a large bag of water on the boom to heel the boat enough to clear the underside of the bridge. Another person reported that to get under a highway bridge on a back creek in Florida he let enough water into the boat to "sink" it enough to make the passage. The creek was deep enough he could do this with no problem and he then bailed out the boat and went on his way.

My favorite was the couple who moved their small cabin cruiser under a fixed bridge by carefully calculating the state of the tide that would give them clearance under the bridge and not put them aground in the process. It worked out quite nicely much to their joy and the satisfaction of those who gathered around in small boats or on the bridge to watch the endeavor take place.

Heeling the boat to get under a fixed bridge is also a tactic for getting over shallow water. Apalachee Bay and the channel into Shell Point has any number of "high" and "low" spots that must be contended with during low tide. To get out the channel it was sometimes necessary to heel our boat so the keel did not hit the bottom of the channel. When the wind was from the SE or SW we trimmed the main in tight and slid the boat over the "high" spot. If there was not enough wind we left the main down and a couple of us would go out on the boom to heel the boat some more.

We would heel the boat to the starboard side as that was where the outboard motor was secured. In this manner, we made sure that the propeller stayed in the water to push the boat on toward the deeper water at the end of the channel. The problem with either approach is that if the water was too shallow and the boat went aground, we were stuck until the tide came further in and floated the boat a little more. During the summer one could also go over the side and push. This is why the floating gauge back at the clubhouse was an advantage for all of us with boats that drew more than 3'.

While it may be a while getting our way, you might want to keep a lookout for yellow and red boats with red sails with no one onboard. They are "Saildrones" used for acoustic searching for fish, checking water temperature and other items of interest. Being 25' long, they should be easy to spot once they start appearing. Also coming

to us is the "automated guard vessel" (AGV) designed for surveillance and guarding of offshore installations. For more information on the AGV, find a copy of the December issue of *Marine News* and turn to page 52.

Most boat trailer spare tire holders are near the front of the trailer and secured to the forward trailer brace for the bow of the boat. It is both an out of the way location and convenient for access. In some cases the spare tire is secured with nuts attached to bolts welded to the framework. In other cases tire lugs are used to hold the spare tire in place.

One of my trailers has the entire wheel assembly attached to the trailer (see picture). Not only do I have the spare tire, I also have the entire wheel. I have not needed the wheel but it is nice to have it available. Of course, the wheel assembly must fit the trailer axle to be useful. The designer's idea was if the wheel bearings froze, you simply changed out the whole thing and went on your way until you could get the wheel bearings replaced. The only problem with the arrangement is that rainwater would collect on the wheel rim and cause rusting. A cover over the spare tire solved that problem.



Hypothermia is more of a danger as the weather and water temperature grows cooler. An item that may be of use if someone onboard is suffering from the cold is a plastic leaf/garden bag. Cut a hole in the sealed end for the head to stick out while the rest of the body is covered by the plastic bag. The bag helps hold the body heat in and provides some protection from any cold wind. People I know who go into caves to explore have such bags tucked inside their helmets. If things go wrong and they are stuck in a damp cave, they can pull out the bag and use it to help protect themselves by retaining body heat while awaiting rescue.

One of my tricks to keep warm when sailboat racing between November and March on Apalachee Bay was to wear my PFD under my foul weather coat. The PFD helped hold in my body heat and provided added protection from the cool jacket that was chilled by the cold wind.



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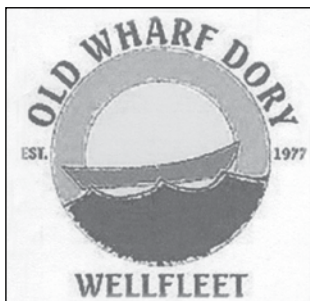


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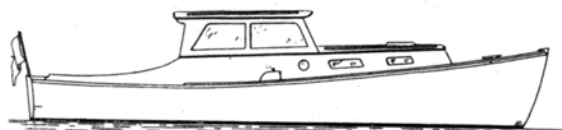
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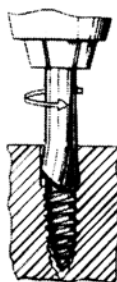
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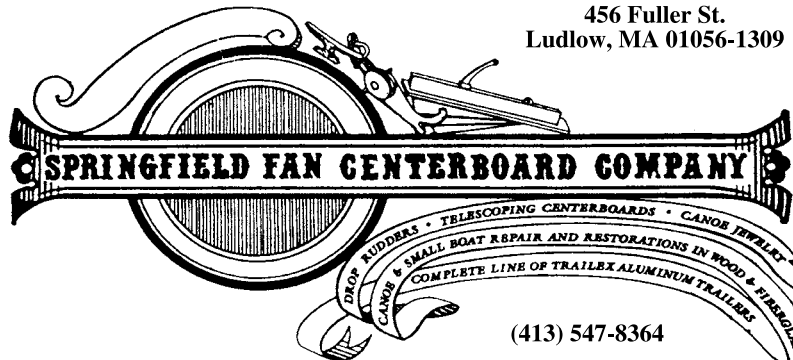
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18' Ultra-lightweight Runabout, runs at 20kts w/4 adults onboard. Built from marine ply & white oak w/10oz glass set in 2 layers of epoxy. Price includes 25hp Yamaha 4-stroke & exc trlr w/working lights! Fuel tank & new battery. Drop-in seat & oars incl. Fold down ss swim ladder & hd cover w/ supports. Possible delivery from northern AL for the cost of gas. All for \$5,000. Email for more photos and questions.
MALCOLM FIFER, Hayden, AL, malcolmfifer@gmail.com (12)



'34 Old Town "Yankee", The most popular size, the 16 footer in "AA" Grade, compl w/original floor rack. Mahogany seats have original cane in rare "double diagonal" pattern Lovingly used by the same family since new, it is looking for a new home. Located in Boxborough, MA. Asking \$1600.
NINA VELEY, nveley@verizon.net (12)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

Boston Whaler Squall, 9 fg dinghy, length: 9'2", beam: 3'8", mahogany seats, lateen sail & aluminum spars & cover, enclosed cb trunk, kick-up rudder, ash tiller, bronze oar locks, oars. \$1,200
CHARLES REIBEL, Norwich, VT,
reibelc@hartfordschools.net (12)

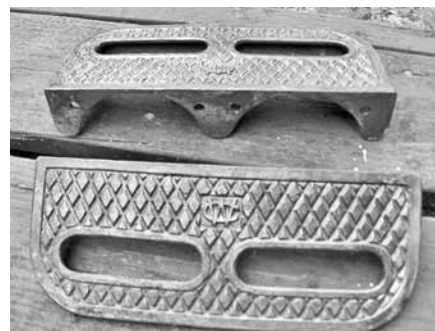
SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE



Gaff Mainsail, brand new never used, for a Herreshoff Eagle. Sewn in battens. Needs only bolt rope sewn on. \$775 or so.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com. (12)

14' Alcott Sailfish, sit on sailboat. Original tiller & cb. Sail in fair shape. Nds glassing on bottom. No trlr. \$5 00.
DAVE RAIMY, Smyrna, NY (CNY), (607) 627-6206. (1)

GEAR FOR SALE



Set of Wilcox Crittenden Bronze Rudder Steps. \$200 or so plus shipping.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com. (12)

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If you stop by our shop these days, as dark, difficult and creepy as these times have become, you may notice a little bounce in Justin and Ian's step. Yes, there are the A's on the report cards their kids keep bringing home...but this is something else. Computer guided routers (CNC Routers) have been all the rage in woodworking for 20 or 30 years but in lots of wood shops they've just never fulfilled their promise. That was certainly the case with us. We kept expecting a miracle to arrive....and it never did. Well.... hallelujah, it's happened. The machine is a Shop-Bot PRS Alpha.

Our version is buy-to-own, \$36,000 for 5 years. At the end of that rental, we pay \$1 and the machine is ours.

When we tell the story of this manufacturing miracle, customers react in sympathy for the employees we are replacing. But the truth is the opposite. We couldn't find those employees in the first place. And, when we *did*, we'd train them for 6 months, invest our time and skills and, for a variety of reasons, they'd leave. We created a healthy workplace, paid a high wage, gave health benefits, all of which was lost when they went down the road.

Ironically, since we got this machine we've been hiring, two new employees this month alone. The router allows us, Justin and Ian, to sell boats, deliver boats, design new products and put potential customers out on the water. That is much better than having the owners suck sawdust for 14 hours a day. It also serves our customers better, it serves our families and it serves the interests of our company. Being yeoman craftsmen is fine, we certainly are that and we respect the craft and mindset. But it can also be a threat to the health of our business.

The key to making the router work for us is the person who operates it. ShopBot gives us a goodly amount of training and support, but one person in the shop has to own it and make the machine sing. Ours is a long-time Vermont woodworker named Randy Ouellette. He only gets a square inch to the right of these words, but that isn't a fair measure of the esteem in which he is held.

